To Jimmy
from Lonnie
Christmas 1930.

Remember, Book, your forlorn shelf
From which my friend hath helped himself,
And like a dove, with wings unloosed,
Return, come back, fly home to roost!
Archie Quiltenman.

THE
TOWER OF LONDON

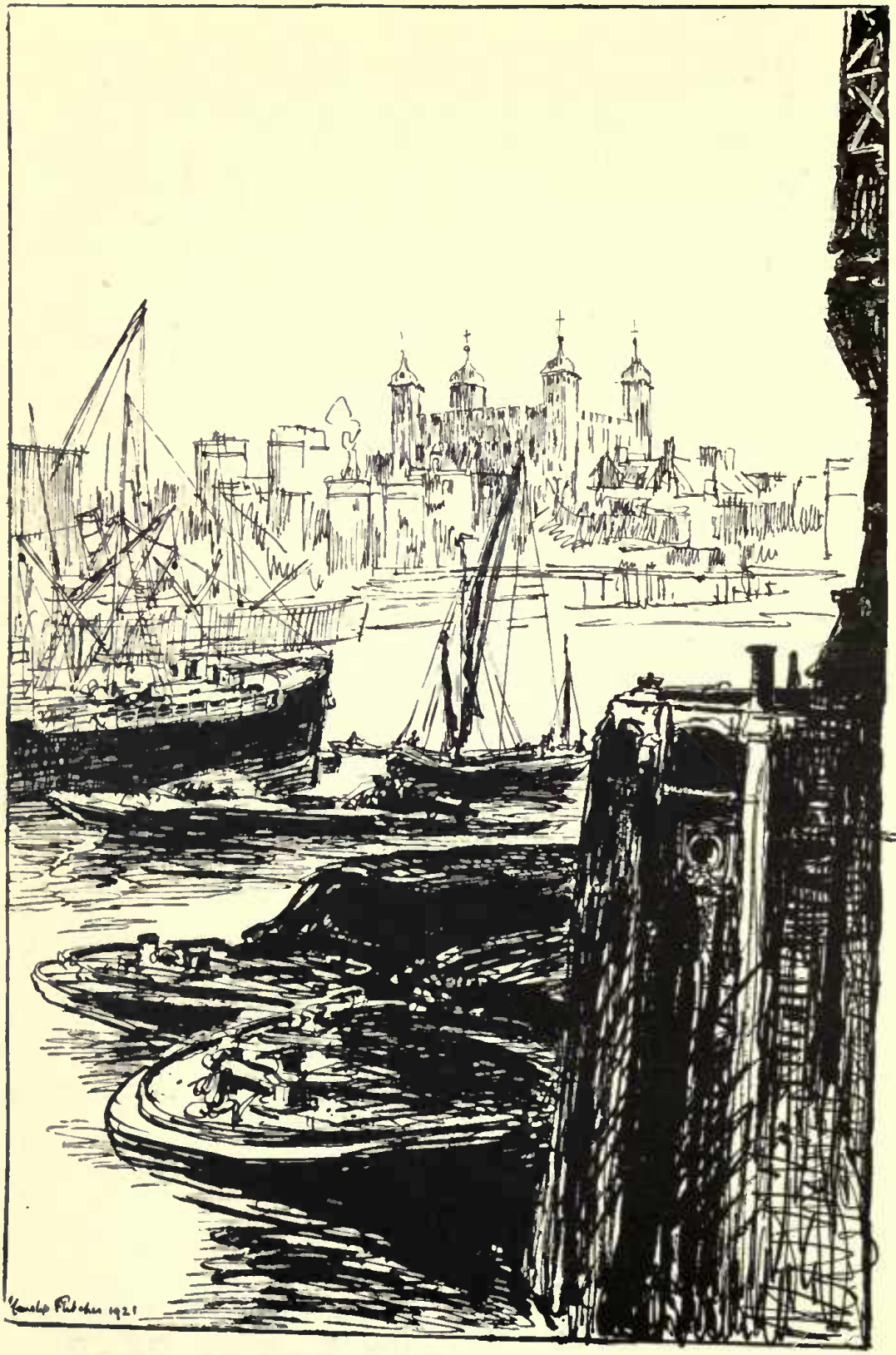
BY THE SAME AUTHOR

UNKNOWN LONDON

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON IN 1666

MORE ABOUT UNKNOWN LONDON

THE BODLEY HEAD



A RIVERSIDE GLIMPSE

THE TOWER OF LONDON

BY WALTER GEORGE BELL

WITH ELEVEN DRAWINGS

BY HANSLIP FLETCHER

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
	PREFACE	9
I.	THE FORTRESS	13
II.	THE NORMAN KEEP	28
III.	THE TRAITORS' GATE	49
IV.	THE BELL TOWER	61
V.	ST. PETER AD VINCULA	74
VI.	BLOODY TOWER AND REGALIA . .	83
VII.	THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER . . .	104
VIII.	THE KING'S HOUSE	116
IX.	ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL	131
X.	ENTRANCE TOWERS	140

ILLUSTRATIONS

A Riverside Glimpse	*Frontispiece*
	TO FACE PAGE
Tower of London from the River	16
The Conqueror's Keep	30
The Traitors' Gate	54
The Curfew, or Bell, Tower	64
St. Peter ad Vincula Chapel	76
Bloody Tower and Wakefield Tower	88
Beauchamp Tower from across the Moat	104
Tower Green and the King's House	120
St. John's Chapel within the Keep	132
Middle Tower and Byward Tower	140
The Tower photographed from an Aeroplane	158

IN THE TEXT

	ON PAGE
Plan of the Tower	22
Strong Room in the Bell Tower	63
Jacobite Lords' Stone	82
The Dudley Rebus	107
Queen Jane Inscription	109

PREFACE

THESE chapters upon the Tower of London were written for "The Daily Telegraph," and they are reprinted with the kind permission of its proprietors. My purpose was a simple one, to endeavour to interest Londoners in their own possession. I have stepped into no controversies, still less have I attempted any contribution towards settling them. If I am told that everything here said is familiar, then I shall be glad, for that will indicate a deeper knowledge by London citizens of their historical buildings and the matchless history of their city than has been disclosed to my own experience.

Never yet have I met the man who has made open confession that he does not know The Tower. There would be a sense of shame in it. The misfortune for Londoners

is that The Tower is in London, where they have no time for seeing it—not, as it should be, in some fastness of Wales, or remote in Cornwall, or perched upon a mountain in the Lake District. Then every London visitor on holiday would hasten to go over it. When I have pressed anyone casually met to say when he was last at the Tower of London, the reply has been : " Ah ! —well now—yes, it must be quite fifteen years ; but I mean to go." My own effort will have served its end if it sends him there.

The justification for this volume must be found primarily in Mr. Hanslip Fletcher's drawings, for in them he displays a sympathy with his subject which rarely has been achieved with such success. It is good that a great London newspaper should enrich its pages with such artistic illustrations. For present purposes I have somewhat enlarged the scope of the chapters. In condonation of my offence in producing yet another book upon the Tower of London, may I plead that there is no other short book accessible ?

THE
TOWER OF LONDON

I

THE FORTRESS

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR built the formidable tower or Keep, four square to all the winds that blow, which is the central and most conspicuous structure of the fortress, and the Tower of London it was then and ever since has been. It has never been called a castle. The Tower has stood to guard the river gate of London for eight and a half centuries, and nothing else within it has the age, or indeed the strength, of this earliest work, the Norman Keep.

The Conqueror had two objects in view when he began to raise this formidable pile of masonry by the Thames side twelve years after his seizure of the English Crown. It should dispute the passage of any enemy who

might venture to sail up the Thames to attack the commercial capital. But, more than this measure of protection, one imagines, it was designed to overawe the Londoners. It was studied insolence on the Conqueror's part to throw down a length of the defensive wall that had been London's protection in order that he might build his Tower; the wall that had existed since the knowledge of man knew not to the contrary—in fact, since the Roman occupation.

Because of this challenging act, flung out, as it were, in defiance of any who should contest his will, a portion of The Tower of less than eight acres stands outside the City as anciently limited by its wall, the remainder of its eighteen acres, if the outer scarp be included, being within the wall. A fragment of the Roman wall which encircled London still may be seen by the little ruin of the demolished Wardrobe Tower, near the south-east angle of the Keep—not the ruin rising some eight or ten feet high, which often is

mistaken for it. The Roman masonry is level with the ground, being merely the base of the wall, and is noteworthy as the only piece exposed which shows the sandstone footing with its bevelled edge.

William the Conqueror built the Keep as we have it, a stronghold amply sufficient in that day to stand by itself. Its massive walls in the lower courses are 15 ft. in thickness, and high above ground fully 11 ft.—too substantial to be burrowed through by the poor military engines of the eleventh century.

Little harm could then befall it, especially when it was defended by armed men above. Its single entrance was raised high, well out of reach of besiegers attacking the fortification after the stage which gave access had been knocked away, isolating the garrison. There is question where the original entrance was placed, but it is probably indicated by remains of an important arch to be seen on the south wall.

The dungeons had no entrance from the level, but were reached solely by the internal staircase within the north-eastern corner turret, which ran down to their depths and up to the roof and battlements of the Keep. A single entrance meant safety. Water for a besieged garrison was provided by the wide-mouthed well, 40 ft. in depth, with sides closely masoned, which still fills below the floor of one chamber. The light of an electric lamp to-day illuminates it. As an isolated fort, the Keep fulfilled every need.

It is doubtful if in the Conqueror's lifetime any other portion of the fortress was completed. If begun in 1078, the date generally accepted, there remained but nine years of his reign, and military works of such formidable nature as these made slow progress. Gundulf, the monk of the great Abbey of Bec, made Bishop of Rochester soon after his arrival in England, built the Norman Keep, and he toiled on with his military architecture through the reigns of William

TOWER OF LONDON FROM THE RIVER

Rufus and Henry I. He built much else, including the strong walls of Rochester and part of the existing Cathedral. Gundulf died in the year 1108 at the ripe age of eighty-four. By that time, probably, encircling works about the Keep had taken shape. They may have been first of a temporary nature, mere ditch and scarp and pallisade till a high stone ballium wall rose all round, strengthened as a means of defence by towers at intervals—the wall that to-day marks the limits of the Inner Ward.

Gundulf's work may perhaps be seen in the most ancient parts of the Wakefield Tower, where to-day the Regalia is safe kept, but recent authorities believe that to be principally the work of Stephen and Henry II. Its walls are 8 ft. thick. Through this defensive turret admission was at one time obtained to the Royal Palace afterwards built within The Tower, a place of refuge for the Sovereign, there strongly guarded, should need arise.

Outer Fortifications

King John and others are credited with some share in the strengthening of the wall containing the Inner Ward, employing the term in use to-day; but it was not till King Henry III set his hand to the outer fortifications that the Tower of London took the form in which we know it. Till then it consisted of a central Keep and one wall, with towers about it as a supplementary defence, roughly square. This Inner Ward of to-day possessed one entrance, and one alone—the dark and frowning archway beneath the Bloody Tower, itself of great antiquity, having the Wakefield Tower on its right; its heavy portcullis, with winch, is still in place, and still in working order, ready to be lowered. That was the entrance to The Tower, whether for Kings, prisoners of State, or for the garrison; and below the gate the bank shelved steeply to the tidal Thames flowing by.

The boats rowed up here. All passed that way, by the one gate. That is why the Bloody Tower and the Wakefield Tower were built so strong.

It was a land fortress. The formation on the foreshore of the Thames of the Tower Wharf, which is as old as Henry III, the building complete of the outer wall, with its large bastions and the six towers on the river face, and the digging all round—or with more likelihood deepening—of a moat into which the Thames water flowed, greatly strengthened the fortress, and, moreover, greatly altered its appearance. The old means of entrance beneath the Bloody Tower now became merely an internal gateway. It is still the only legitimate means of access to the Inner Ward, the entrance by which visitors to-day pass being merely a breach in the wall made last century for convenience of running stores from the river wharf up to the Keep.

Access by water was given by Traitors'

Gate, heavily guarded by the St. Thomas's Tower, built above it. A principal entrance had to be made west for use by the garrison and all coming and going by land. The strong Byward Tower can be traced back to Richard II, but a defensive turret and gate here became a first necessity of the scheme of outer fortifications, and probably were raised by King Henry III. He was the greatest builder among our Kings, and his gigantic works in masonry are seen at Westminster Abbey and Windsor Castle as well as at The Tower. Long as he reigned, he could not do all. There is much Edwardian work in London's fortress, and interior vaulting in certain of the towers indicates the period of King Richard II.

From the Byward Tower a drawbridge could be thrown across the moat to meet the causeway. By the land (or City) side, guarding, was a work known as the Lion Tower, all traces of which have now disappeared. As an additional defence at the

entrance was built the Middle Tower. This is attributed to King Edward I, and the moat was diverted hereabouts into two wide streams. The Middle Tower is the first to be passed to-day, and the name seems meaningless, but it was so called because it stood middle between the Byward Tower across the moat and the Lion Tower towards the City bank.

In order to understand the fortress, it is necessary to realize that it consists of these three parts. They are of different ages, and consist of :

1. The central Norman Keep.

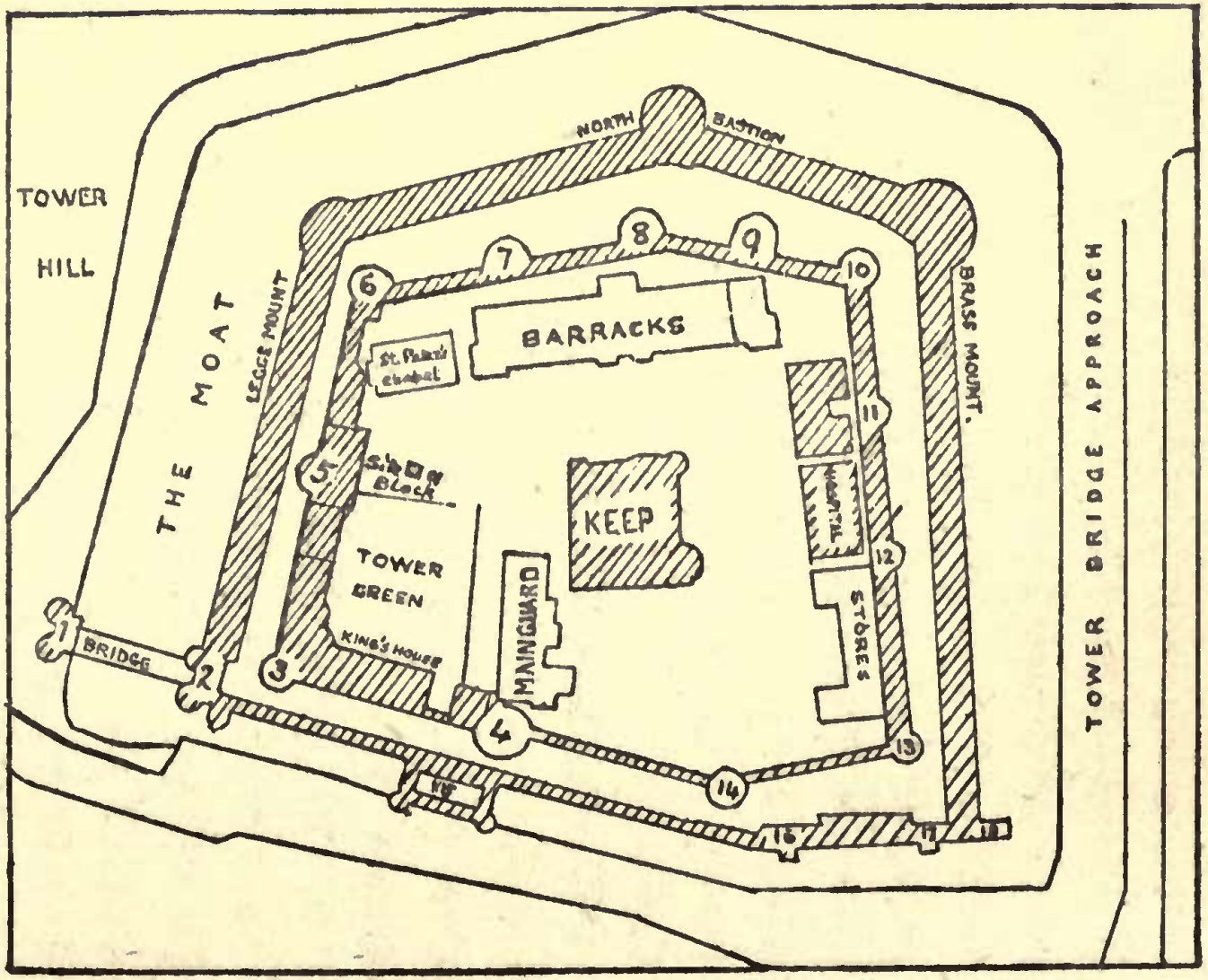
2. Encircling the Keep, the wall about the Inner Ward, with its twelve surviving towers, of which the Bell Tower, the Bloody Tower, Wakefield Tower, and Beauchamp Tower are best known to visitors ; and

3. Encircling these in turn the outer line of fortifications, beginning at the Byward Tower, the moat being external to all.

After carrying the outer fortifications, an

Towers shown by numbers :

1 Middle
2 Byward
3 Bell
4 Wakefield, next Bloody
5 Beauchamp
6 Devereux
7 Flint
8 Bower
9 Brick
10 Martin
11 Constable
12 Broad Arrow
13 Salt
14 Lanthorn
15 St. Thomas
16 Cradle
17 Well
18 Develin



PLAN OF THE TOWER OF LONDON

attacking host would be brought up by the inner wall, some 40 ft. in height. If that was successfully assailed, the survivors among the garrison could retire into the Keep, and there hold out. The Tower of London was, in fact, immensely strong.

All this is, of course, obvious to anybody who studies the plan. But numbers of persons, hurrying to get to the most historical spots, find themselves by the Keep, or on the execution ground of Tower Green, or at the Beauchamp Tower, with turrets and walls about them, and small appreciation of their meaning. It then seems a strangely confused place. A little knowledge beforehand of why the buildings came to be so placed, and the purposes which each was intended to serve, greatly adds to the intelligent enjoyment of a visit to this most historical of all our fortresses. Purposely, to avoid confusion of mind, I have mentioned by name only those towers about the Inner Ward which are accessible to the public and known to them.

The others are to a lesser extent living history, and the inquirer will find them indicated in the plan here attached.

A State Prison

The Tower of London became the one great State prison because it was so strong, a prison that in Tudor days was crowded with the victims of our devious system of statecraft. It was not built for that, and, indeed, a single stone stronghold, sufficiently isolated, would have served that end better; but early in its record it was utilized as a place of confinement for prisoners of distinction, and Royal captives of our wars held to ransom. It was a Royal palace—never, indeed, comfortable—and as such was used by all the English Sovereigns till Charles II, who was the last to lodge there before his Coronation, and make the historic journey in procession from The Tower through the City streets to Westminster. Its walls guarded the Mint, and the coinage of the realm was

struck within The Tower till so late as the year 1812—a use that in these times is often forgotten. There is no other building so closely identified with the whole course of our history as is the Tower of London.

Looking back over the centuries during which it was rising, and serving its purpose as the defensive fortress of the capital, remember this. Then, and long afterwards, the Thames was the one great highway of London for business and pleasure, used by King and nobles and merchants, and by all frequenting the Palace and Parliament at Westminster and the law courts assembled there. It never does to forget that. The mean streets of the City carried no great burden of traffic. Traitors' Gate early had won its sinister name and significance, and it became necessary—or at least desirable—that other means of access by the river should be provided than Henry III's original watergate.

Accordingly the Queen's Stairs were placed

at the Tower Wharf, to which the boats drew up, and a light drawbridge over the moat and postern by the side of the Byward Tower admitted Royalty and distinguished travellers to The Tower. There was also the Iron Gate, where the Tower Bridge approaches now run beside the moat, but that was little used. All led to the Outer Bailey only, the one means of access to the Inner Ward still being beneath the Bloody Tower, and it was carefully guarded. The public, except in times of disturbance, were freely admitted to the Outer Bailey, but the Inner Ward was regarded as a Royal area, as being the King's Palace, and from that part till after Tudor days they were excluded.

The old Royal Palace within The Tower was erected on ground between the Keep and the inner wall towards the river, when manners softened, and the cold comfort of the Keep itself was found insufficient for kings more luxurious than were the first Norman masters of England. Little is, in

fact, known of these Royal apartments, and their age is uncertain. They contained a Great Hall on the line of the wall of the Inner Ward eastward of the Wakefield Tower, and from old picture maps which include The Tower apparently had many rooms and scattered offices. Oliver Cromwell is credited with having destroyed the last remaining buildings, then much in decay, foreseeing in his blindness no future use for Royal Palaces for kings, since which time the distinction has had less importance.

II

THE NORMAN KEEP

THE Norman Keep is the oldest building of The Tower, and it is also the one which has undergone least change. Walls 15 ft. in thickness and masoned so well as these do not require a renovator, nor do they give him material upon which to display his unfortunate skill, save at excessive cost of labour. There has been one regrettable alteration. Strength was the first essential with the Norman builders, light and ventilation being quite subsidiary. Their windows were mere loop-holes, or narrow slits in the masonry, at least till a great height above ground was reached.

The substitution two centuries ago of large windows with stone facings for the original Norman openings has done something to

diminish the simple grandeur of these vast walls, till then impregnable. It is not necessarily Sir Christopher Wren's work, though to him is given the discredit. Major-General Sir George Younghusband, the Keeper of the Regalia, recently has pointed out that a plan dated 1721 exists in his Majesty's Office of Works, showing the old windows, and Wren then had passed his ninetieth year.

Apart from this, the Keep stands as the Conqueror and Gundulf, his architect, may themselves have looked upon it—the most perfect relic of Norman military architecture in England ; " the mighty Tower of London," as Freeman, the historian, enthusiastically calls it, having no eyes for anything else but this one austere building. Its height to the battlements is 90 ft. It is delusive at first sight ; the Keep is not square, as it seems. It has been correctly described as " a large, irregular stone building, no one side answering to another, nor any of its watch towers, of which there are four at the top." The longest

external measurement is 116 ft. north to south and 107 ft. east to west. There is a large apsidal projection at the south-east corner, making the line of the apse of St. John's Chapel and of the crypt and sub-crypt below it, and at the north-east corner is a circular turret from ground to roof, which gives access to each floor and goes down to the dungeons.

Internally there are three cross walls, in parts 8 ft. in thickness, which divide each floor into three rooms of unequal dimensions. The builders had ideas of spaciousness, and the one great chamber on each floor, measuring 90 ft. to 95 ft. in length, would be considered large in any modern palace.

The Keep is complete, containing within itself the accommodation requisite for fortress, Royal palace, and State prison. The first storey, known as the main floor, was that devoted to the main guard of the fortress, and in ancient days was crowded with mailed officers and men at arms—the garrison;

THE CONQUEROR'S KEEP

necessarily a large body. They had to post sentries along the walls and man the embattled turrets, and to keep watch from the high observation towers of the Keep, over the City and a wide expanse of open country and river, to see who was approaching London. Above, the State apartments fill the two floors, the lower of these containing the Banqueting Hall and St. John's Chapel, and the topmost floor the Council Chamber of our Sovereigns. They must not be pictured as always presenting the chilling aspect of to-day, so stern and forbidding. With carpets and arras and tapestry hanging from the walls, much of this bare stone was concealed, and the apartments contained the simple but massive furniture of the time.

The floors were never borne by arches. There was no great arch, sprung to carry the weight and give stability, as is seen at Castle Hedingham, a magnificent Norman keep in Essex, built a little later. Beam construction was used, and owing to the wide

spans from wall to wall supports by heavy timber logs must always have been necessary ; those now in service are not of the most ancient date. As " the White Tower " the Keep has for ages been known, and in the earliest drawing we have of it, a beautifully coloured picture story attached to the Poems of Charles Prince of Orleans—a marriage gift by King Henry VII to his Queen, Elizabeth of York, now in the British Museum collection—it appears radiantly white against the grey turrets and walls of the fortress. It is said to have obtained that name from having been coated with whitewash, and a dozen writers have so repeated. Perhaps. But there is no historical basis for the assumption that I know, and I have always been sceptical about that whitewash coat—no easy matter to apply to these broad walls, rising 90 ft. in height.

Historical Associations

It is about the Council Chamber on the topmost floor that the incidents of England's

history associated with the Keep mostly gather.

There was made the accusation by Richard Duke of Gloucester which afforded Shakespeare the material for a dramatic scene in his *King Richard III.* A circular stairway leads up, and a vaulted passage, only 3 ft. in width, has upon this floor been left in the thickness of the exterior wall right round the four walls of the Keep. Its purpose is somewhat vague, but it has been thought to be designed so that, in event of a siege, the troops on the roof might communicate more readily with other floors of the Keep by the internal stairways. This passage, on that June day of 1483, had been filled with armed soldiers, concealed. At a signal from Richard, bringing his fist down violently on the table around which the Council was assembled, cries of "Treason! treason!" were heard without. Soldiers, rushing in, seized Lord Hastings, whom the Protector denounced for plotting his destruction, and dispersed the

Council. Hastings, without pretence of trial, was hurried below for execution outside the Keep, a rough timber log brought there for purposes of repairs serving for the block.

In this same apartment King Richard II, when fortune's favours deserted him, and the reign which had begun so auspiciously ended, surrendered his crown to Henry of Bolingbroke—another scene which Shakespeare has pictured with undying pathos. Prelates, lords, knights, and judges of England had proceeded on horseback to The Tower, passing, a stately procession, to this chamber, and Richard, a prisoner, crowned and robed, appeared in their midst. Froissart's simple prose perhaps tells the anguish of the moment as poignantly as any :

I have been King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, and Lord of Ireland about twenty-one years, which seigniory, royalty, sceptre, crown, and heritage I clearly resign here to my cousin Henry of Lancaster; and I desire him here in this open presence, in entering of the same possession, to take this sceptre.

The mystery of his end is dark as night. The sad face, still retaining under the lines wrought by care something of its personal beauty and charm—Richard was but thirty-four years of age at death—appeared once more at The Tower. After the tragedy of Pontefract Castle, his corpse rested a single night in the Tower of London, exposed to view—doubtless before the altar of St. John's Chapel. His skull, by the way, has been submitted to modern examination (so we investigate ancient stories of murder nowadays), and it disproves the narrative of the violent blow at the hands of a Sir Piers of Exton.

That Richard was starved to death is probable. The examination of Richard's poor skull had better justification than a similar inquiry conducted by Lord Nugent, who in 1828 opened John Hampden's grave to find whether the patriot's death at Chalgrove Field was due to a bullet wound in the shoulder, or, as one related, to an over-

loaded pistol having exploded and shattered his hand. That all doubts might be removed —the historical detail seems of small importance—he amputated both arms of the body with a penknife, and minutely examined them. Later Lord Nugent acknowledged that he had reason to believe this outrage had been committed upon *the wrong man*.

Anne Boleyn's fate was decided, not at Westminster, as was customary with all great State trials, but within The Tower, in "the King's Hall." There has been much dispute concerning the particular apartment in which the Court assembled. It is generally identified as one of the rooms on the middle floor of the Keep, either the Banqueting Hall or the smaller chamber into which the visitor to The Tower emerges from St. John's Chapel, but others believe the Queen's trial to have been staged in the Great Hall of the Royal Palace, which seems likely; this long since was demolished. Both the upper State floor with the Council Chamber and the Banquet-

ing Hall floor are now filled with the collections of arms and armour, which for historical interest are unrivalled in England.

The Armouries

They are the subject of a recent magnificent monograph by Mr. Charles ffoulkes, F.S.A., Curator of The Tower Armouries, published by the Stationary Office, and only one learned in armour is fitted to describe them. To that I make no pretence. The visitor cannot fail to notice how finely displayed are the figures bearing the armour; knights in mail of the tilt-yard riding horses heavily mailed, footmen in mail carrying pikes, drawn up as if to start. I had a fancy one day of seeing the whole line in movement, horse and foot, marching with a clatter out of these halls and out of The Tower. What a spectacle that would make!

Foot-soldiers, however, were never completely covered in mail, as is seen in some unhorsed models here. The steel helmet and

cuirass continued in use by Cromwell's Ironsides, and, indeed, survive in the peace dress of our own Life Guards. This historical collection has its origin in that formed by King Henry VIII at Greenwich Palace, and many of the pieces were made as gifts to that monarch. Mr. ffoulkes describes the central equestrian figure now exhibited in the Council Chamber, showing complete armour for horse and man engraved with roses, pomegranates, portcullises and other badges of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon, as the finest example of the armourer's craft in existence. The armourer was Conrad Seusenhofer, one of a famous family of Augsburg smiths.

The battle-axes, or maces, have interested me. In the cases, lying side by side with maces of polished steel employed in the old days of the mêlée by knights in armour, will be found short, stout wooden staves, fitted with iron rings and knobs at the top—desperate weapons at close quarters. These

were in actual use by our soldiers in the Great War of 1914–18, when making trench forays. So we have gone back, in this respect as in some others, to the simpler arms of the Middle Ages.

One other exhibit, of peace and not of war, may be commended to Londoners' attention. It is the cresset, or fire-pot, which the watchman carried high upon his shoulder about the City streets at night, bearing a coil of tarred rope that burnt with flame and much smoke and stink as he made his way in the darkness. This was the little light which the streets had centuries ago. But, of course, the things that matter in the collections are the ring and plate armour and the wonderful display of military arms, from the ancient long-bow of our famous archers and the cross-bow through all the stages of fire-arms.

Prisoners in the Keep

In The Tower's early days the upper State floors, reared so high that escape must have

seemed impossible, were sometimes used as a State prison. There Randulf Flambard, Bishop of Durham, the first prisoner—or first of any importance—that The Tower had held, was confined by King Henry I, and he is said to have got away by the little Norman window that has escaped the restorer's attentions, lowering himself by a rope to the ground. He had been too active in extorting taxes for building the fortress. Llewelyn's rebellious son Gruffydd, later attempting to regain liberty by the same means, met with a terrible end, his body being found at the foot of the White Tower, "with his head thrust in between his shoulders." The rope he had made from his linen had broken under his weight.

The Keep was also the prison of Charles of Orleans, the princely poet of France, taken by Henry V at Agincourt, alive amongst those left for slain, and perhaps the most romantic captive whom The Tower has immured. Joan of Arc considered him to be

one of her country's chosen deliverers, believing that all would go well with France, and victory be hers, were his release obtained. His weary imprisonment ended in 1440, when Joan of Arc had suffered martyrdom at Rouen nine years before. King John of France, captured at Poictiers, probably occupied these same chambers, to which the wars of the English Edwards on the Continent and at home brought other captives. John de Baliol, King of the Scots, was one of these.

On the main floor is the massive stone crypt below St. John's Chapel. The block therein exhibited, a gnarled piece of oak brown with oil and age, is that upon which Simon Fraser Lord Lovat suffered for participation in the Scottish rebellion of 1745—the last man beheaded in England. Two marks of the axe are clean cut upon its surface. The block was the possession—maybe the perquisite—of a former yeoman warder, John Poyndon, who when his own death was approaching made a gift of it to

The Tower. The headsman's axe shown at its side is of earlier date.

A wall case contains a few instruments of torture, the thumbscrews, a spiked collar for prisoners, bilboes for securing captives by the feet, and that dreadful appliance, "The Scavenger's Daughter," by which the victim was crushed, with head, hands and feet secured, till, it is said, blood spurted from beneath his fingers. A Lieutenant of The Tower, Sir Leonard Skeffington, has the dubious honour of this invention. There also is a model of the rack. Odd thing to place such a collection in a church crypt!

The name there displayed, "Sir Walter Raleigh's Cell," is misleading; there is no evidence, and no likelihood, that any part of Raleigh's long captivity was spent in the Keep. This is not a prison floor, but some of the followers of Wyatt's rebellion were thrust into this crypt. That it was used in Mary's reign for prisoners is evident from a few inscriptions carved on the wall. One of these

reads : " He that endureth to the ende shall be saved. M. 10. R. Rudston. Dar. Kent. Anno 1553." Another is : " Be faithful unto deth, and I wil give the a crowne of life. J. Fane. 1554 " ; and there is also, " T. Culpeper of Darford." Originally the place was in total darkness, save possibly for a loophole opening ; the window hacked out of the wall's thickness is modern.

These carvings are at the side of a vaulted cell, 8 ft. by 10 ft., now without a doorway. Its use is uncertain, but it is thought to have been a storeplace for treasure, protected by its own strong walls and the sanctity of the Church.

The Dungeons

It is only of recent years that the dungeons have become accessible to the public, and to those who make the tour of the Keep they are the last chambers to be visited. The feeling as one first enters is that of disillusionment and disappointment. It is impossible here that it should be otherwise.

The "gloomy dungeon" of one's imagination, cavernous, dark, deep, is a thing to peer into and with a shudder pass by—it can of its nature have no use. The proper way to go down into a dungeon is over worn, slippery stone stairs, with a flaming torch held high in hand, throwing fitful light into black recesses, dispersing a mist of smoke —an occasional choking sensation present in the throat, the consciousness of damp. That way I would go down to the dungeons of romance.

One there is among The Tower's dungeons that even to-day tells its purpose, the subcrypt of St. John's Chapel. It is, in fact, the smallest of the three, but with its long vaulted barrel roof, the light glistening on the stones of walls and ceiling and earthen floor, and fading into indistinctness in the distance, bare—horribly bare—that dungeon I can imagine as it was when, in the mediæval persecutions, scores of Jews were flung into it. All light then shut out, without ventila-

tion, crowded, I can imagine the stagnant air from so many breaths, fetid as over a pool covered with green slime. But for the other dungeons, brightly illuminated throughout with the best electric lamps, stone paved, filled with cannon and mortar, exhibits of commanding interest which distract attention from the enclosing walls—they are as pleasant as is one's friend's wine cellar.

No doubt all space in The Tower, so badly needed, has to be put to use, but I think that the authorities who gave to us the dungeons in their present guise had small historical sense. I would prefer them empty, and so dark that one must grope one's way about. But in fact, a good span before our time, their original character was largely destroyed by the building within them of the heavy brick abutments and arches that support the main floor above.

The dungeons of the Keep are level with the ground on the south side, and sunk only a few feet on the north, facts which should

dispel some ridiculous legends concerning them.

Fancy has played most freely about the "Little Ease." Like the rest of the Keep, the floor of the dungeons is divided by strong internal walls into three chambers, and "Little Ease" to-day is merely an arched passage through the thick division wall from one to another. On one side it can be closed by a heavy oak door still in position, and there are the spikes on which a door or wicket once swung on the other side. Guy Fawkes is the traditional prisoner walled in there. If ever it was used as a cell (of which there is some doubt) it was horrible enough, being cramped in space, black in its darkness, but to accentuate the shudders which the place should give, some morbid writers have pictured the muddy Thames waters flowing in, rising to the confined prisoner's waist, if not to his shoulders, before they subsided, and rendering him mad with terror. Not only is "Little Ease" above ground, but it stands

some 16 ft. above the river's high-water mark!

Could one look back to days when these actually were dungeons, their gloom would be found sufficient without exaggeration. There were no windows cut in the immense thickness of the walls; without light and without ventilation, save such little as may have come down from above, they were as fetid and horrible as any delved deep in the earth. Yet into these places hundreds of victims were thrown, the guilty and the innocent together, by King John and others; in the year 1278 a horde of Jews, numbering six hundred men and their families, were thrust in here, being accused of clipping and defacing the King's coin. Many, no doubt, perished in confinement. The first Edward's wars in Wales and Scotland brought other prisoners to London, whose lives rotted away in The Tower's dungeons. The place is said also to have served for the immurement of the Sub-Prior of St. Peter's and a party of his

monks, suspected by the same monarch, on good evidence, of being party to the forcing of the Royal Treasury at Westminster Abbey, and the robbery of the English regalia and treasure stored there. Nor did the dungeons' use cease with the darkest years of the Middle Ages. The rack was kept here, where solid walls might stifle the cries of tortured victims from the outer world, and, worked by light of torch or lantern, it was freely employed by Henry VIII and great Elizabeth, and last used by James I.

The western chamber is 91 ft. long by 35 ft. in width. The second dungeon measures 47 ft. length by 15 ft. breadth. The doorway cut in the north wall of the Keep through which the visitor emerges into the open air is modern.

III

THE TRAITORS' GATE

HAPPILY it is not necessary to regard the statements of our ancient English chroniclers as cold records of the facts of their times, or to dismiss them as worthless because they contain much that obviously cannot be accepted as strictly historical. They lived in an age of simpler faith than ours, when men's minds were more receptive to the marvellous, and much more influenced by it. Their Latin was not always impeccable, but through the texts there exudes the glow of religious fervour.

Too often for our liking such facts as they dealt with were made subsidiary to the moral, for with few exceptions they were religious men of one brotherhood or another, clerks possessing the ability, rare in their age,

to write. So I turn to Matthew Paris, the monk of St. Albans, for his story of the building of St. Thomas's Tower and the Traitors' Gate with the assurance that, be his vision worth what it may, he tells us quite truthfully this, that the continuous growth in strength of the formidable fortress of The Tower was very unpopular with the Londoners, jealous of the personal power of their Kings, and that woven into his story is something about the building to which we may profitably listen.

The Tower Wharf, built out upon the Thames foreshore, which to-day affords so pleasant a view of the river's activities, the defending St. Thomas's Tower and the Water Gate—our own Traitors' Gate—were all one work, and it was King Henry III who undertook it. The commonalty found cause and courage for protest; and then, on the night of St. George's Day of the year 1240, while the London populace was at prayer, wharf and water-gate fell in. There was much signifi-

cance in that. We might ourselves attribute such disaster to the scour of a high spring tide, but the citizens thought otherwise. Artificers took up the task afresh, but on the selfsame St. George's night of the following year a second time the work of masonry, stones and earth crashed, and slipped into the river.

Matthew Paris tells that a priest then passing saw the ghostly figure of an archbishop, dressed in episcopal robes, holding his cross, and attended by the spirit of a clerk, gazing sternly on these new works. The figure spoke to the masons, asking, "Why build ye these?" Sharply he struck the walls with the holy cross, whereupon they reeled and sank into the tide, leaving a wreath of smoke behind.

The priest was too much scared to accost the more potent spirit, but he turned to the humble clerk, asking the archbishop's name.

"St. Thomas of Canterbury," said the shade.

To his further request why this destruction was done, the shade replied :

"St. Thomas, by birth a citizen of London, mislikes these works, because they are raised in scorn, and against the public right. For this cause he has thrown them down beyond the tyrant's power to restore them."

There is more, and incidentally the ghostly assurance that if St. Thomas had not acted, the Confessor himself would have swept the building away. But what makes me think that à Becket's interference was interpolated into the story of destruction a little later is that Henry III, a pious king, the great builder of Westminster Abbey, and the especial devotee of the Confessor, displayed no concern. Ghostly interference did not dismay him. Only he built more strongly than ever, and with such stability that his work stands ; there is the Wharf and the Traitors' Gate and St. Thomas's Tower as evidence of it, though the last named as we

now see it is largely Salvin's reconstruction half a century ago.

But perhaps I am wrong, for notice the dedication of the guarding tower is to St. Thomas himself; and in the tower, by the side of his water-gate, the King made a little oratory for religious devotions, also dedicated to the Canterbury martyr. Were these meant for appeasement of the unseen power? The Keeper of the Crown Jewels to-day has pleasant quarters in St. Thomas's Tower, and there is an overhead way by which he may get to the Wakefield Tower, wherein the Regalia is safe kept, without going into open air.

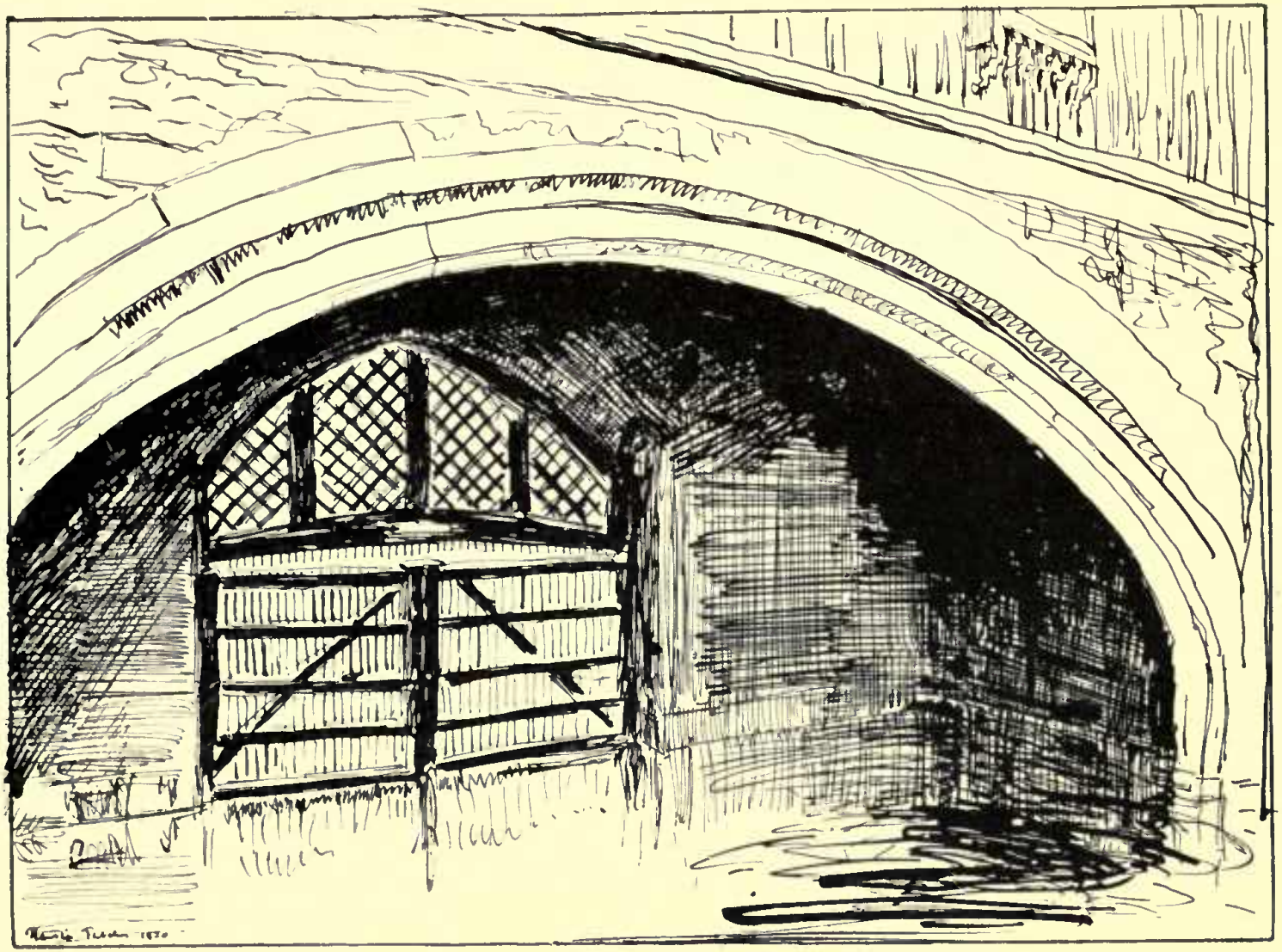
The Arch and Steps

The arch over the Traitors' Gate is remarkable for its span, having no keystone. It extends 61 ft., and each stone of its lowest course is keyed into the next with a cog, space for which is cut out. So constructed, it stands strong, defying time and decay. The

gates swing open, though water no longer comes up to them; an oaken lattice work fills in the space to the arch. From the wall still hangs a large iron ring, to which the boats that have brought so many doomed men to The Tower from their trial at Westminster Hall, tied up. What numbers of men and women whose memories bulk large in our history has this gate shut out from a world that should know them no longer!

It has no stains of blood. Its associations are not those of the close walls of the Beauchamp and other towers, upon which imprisoned men have scratched a record of their name and fate for future ages to read; but the boats silently drifting in beneath this arch to the steps, the processional axe turned with its edge towards the condemned prisoner, have conveyed so much human anguish and despair as assuredly make this one of the saddest spots in this Tower of sadness.

The old steps that prisoners of State have trodden in The Tower's most momentous



THE TRAITORS' GATE

days are there. A modern stone and course of brick covers and protects each, but the ends of the old worn stones are left visible. Despite the ascriptions in so many books, it is probable that the greatest figure among The Tower's prisoners, Queen Elizabeth—then a young Princess—did not land here upon that rainy Palm Sunday of 1554. The tide was found to be too low for the barge to reach the causeway. She sprang out on the mud, then threw herself down on a wet stone. "Better sit here than in a worse place," she remarked. All this suggests the more honourable entrance by the Queen's Stairs. "I pray you all, good fellows and friends," Elizabeth said to The Tower guard, "bear me witness that I come in no traitor, but as true a woman to the Queen's Majesty as any now living, and thereon I will take my death."

Captives at Traitors' Gate

To the Traitors' Gate, earlier, had come a Queen—Elizabeth's mother, Anne Boleyn.

She was brought from Greenwich by water to The Tower, the 2nd May, 1536, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, and others attending, and it was her prison during the remaining seventeen days of life allowed to her. As the boat floated in to the steps, a strong guard assembled. It was a distracted woman who landed, and was there handed over to the Constable. "'Jesu, have mercy on me!' Anne Boleyn cried—and then she kneeled down, weeping a great space, and in the same sorrow fell into a great laughing; and so she did several times afterwards." It is all very human.

We meet Anne Boleyn again in the King's House—it then was known as the Lieutenant's Lodgings—on the execution ground, and in the sad little church of St. Peter ad Vincula within The Tower. There is a story of her ghost having appeared to the sentry placed in the night watch beneath her window. I have small faith in ghosts, but if such exist, be sure there is among the legions

the shade of this pathetic Queen, so much defamed, whose true character still remains so largely concealed in mystery, that over it historians may haggle.

Queen Katharine Howard entered by Traitors' Gate; Archbishop Cranmer, to whom The Tower was but a resting-place in his progress to the stake at Oxford; Sir Thomas Wyatt, the rebel against Queen Mary; the Earl of Essex, after the failure of his rising against Elizabeth; Strafford and Archbishop Laud, Monmouth, and many more. Late—for its use was then drawing towards a close—came the Seven Bishops, sent to The Tower by King James II, and at their entrance a strange scene. They were brought by water from Westminster. The barge having passed through the Traitors' Gate, as they landed on the steps the warders and guards knelt and implored their blessing, soldiers in barracks cheered, and from the river came through the shouts and blessings of the populace which had accompanied them

throughout their passage, all London being out to see them go by, mingling with the sound of St. Peter's bells ringing for evening service.

More at the Tower

Standing in the narrow street of the bailey between the outer and inner walls, looking toward the Traitors' Gate in its most familiar view, we may picture afresh one of those domestic and most human incidents which illuminate the last days of Sir Thomas More. He had walked from his prison to Westminster, feebly leaning upon a stick, and, leaving Westminster Hall after condemnation, was allowed to return to The Tower by water. His grandson writes, in the "Life of More":

When Sir Thomas was now come to the Tower Wharf, his best beloved child, my Aunt Roper, desirous to see her father, whom she feared she should never see in this world after, to have his last blessing, gave there attendance to meet him; whom as soon as she had espied she ran hastily unto him,

and without consideration or care for herself, passing through the midst of the throng and guard of men, who with bills and halberts compassed him round, there openly in the sight of them all embraced him, and took him about the neck and kissed him, not able to say any word but "Oh, my father! oh, my father!" He, liking well her most natural and dear affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing; telling her that whatsoever he should suffer, though he were innocent, yet it was not without the will of God; and that he knew well enough all the secrets of her heart, counselling her to accommodate her will to God's blessed pleasure, and to be patient for his loss.

She was no sooner parted from him, and had gone scarce ten steps, when she, not satisfied with the former farewell, like one who had forgot herself, ravished with the entire love of so worthy a father, having neither respect to herself nor to the press of people about him, suddenly turned back, and ran hastily to him, and took him about the neck and divers times together kissed him; whereat he spoke not a word, but carrying still his gravity, tears fell also from his eyes; yea, there were very few in all the troop who could refrain hereat from weeping, no, not the guard themselves. Yet at last with a full heart she was severed from him, at which time

another of our women embraced him; and my aunt's maid Dorothy Collis did the like, of whom he said after, it was homely but very lovingly done.

He passed in with the guard beneath the dark archway and portcullis of the Bloody Tower, and thence to the Bell Tower which was his prison, only to emerge upon the scaffold.

IV

THE BELL TOWER

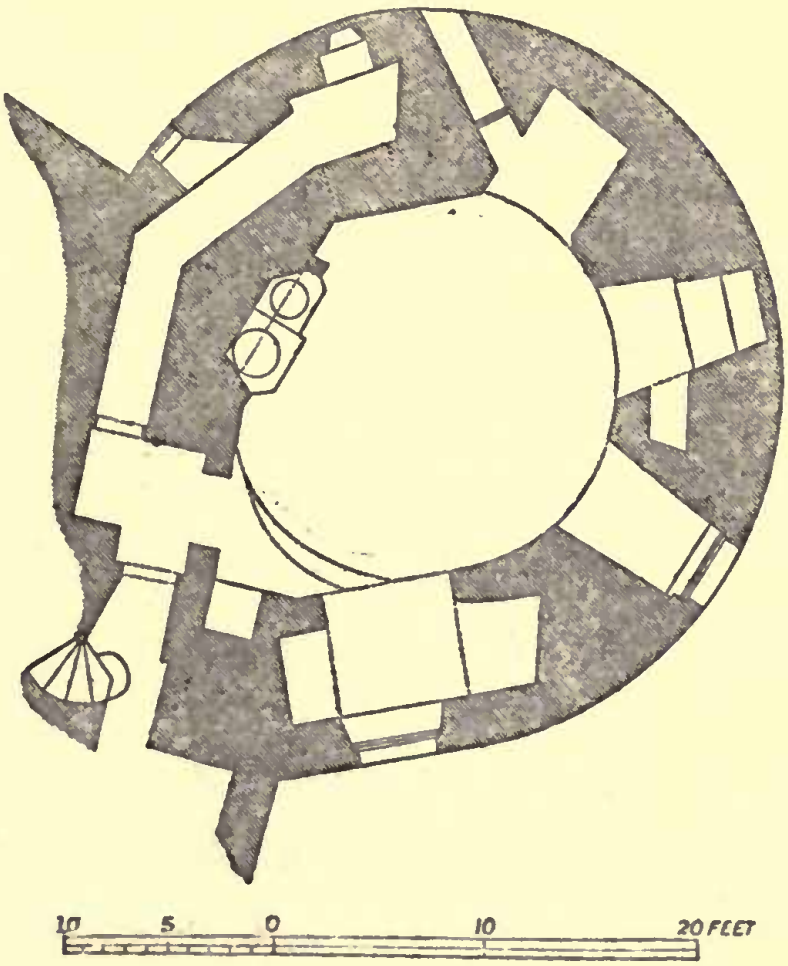
SUNSET is made known to all whose residence or occupation is immediately about the Tower of London by the curfew. The custom is said to have been introduced to England from the Continent by William the Conqueror, who built this fortress, and there down to this day the curfew is rung out from the Bell Tower. That is a long link back. There is one other place in central London where it is sounded, but there the fixed hour is nine, and it is the lawyers of Gray's Inn who keep the tradition alive.

Londoners *en masse* know neither one nor the other, and it would be a safe question to have asked of the majority whether the curfew still existed. A few years back I was

amused by a correspondence in an archæological paper about its survival, when remote hamlets and villages were instanced which keep the observance in honour from their church belfries. But then London is always big enough to be overlooked.

The Bell Tower—sometimes, because of the association, called the Curfew Tower—is roughly circular. Many historians believe it to be one of the buildings put up by King Henry III when he was strengthening the fortress, though others have dated it as early as Richard I, and there is much to be said for the earlier date. The simple crudity of the structure suggests the Lion-hearted King rather than the ornate builder of Westminster Abbey. It is immensely strong. The base itself is solid masonry, and the first arrow slits appear high above this, where the walls are many feet in thickness. Even at the windows far overhead, lighting the upper chamber, the walls are 8 ft. thick. This strength was necessary, for the structure

occupies an important position, being the corner fortification of the ballium wall enclosing the Inner Ward, and it would be the first



PLAN OF THE STRONG ROOM

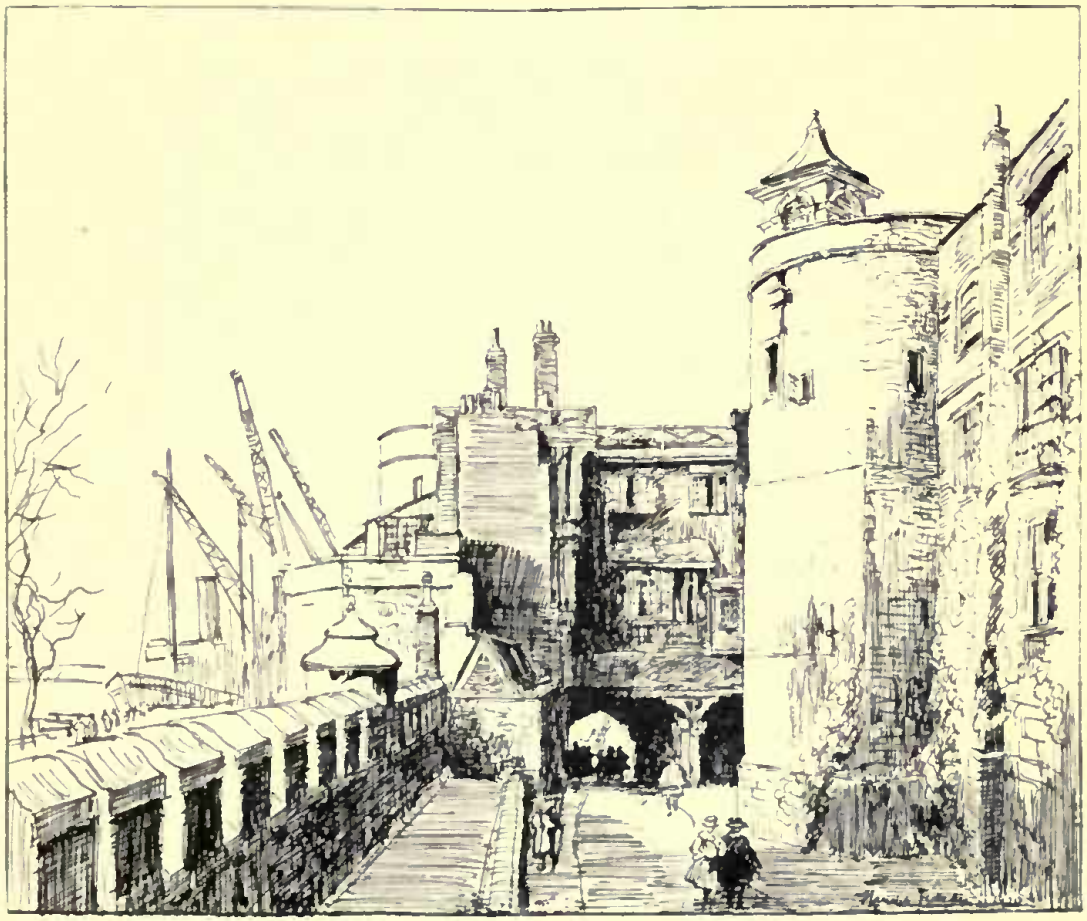
turret to repel attack had entrance by the Byward Tower been forced. The slits enfilade the walls on either side, and from them a continuous flight of arrows could be dis-

charged upon the soldiery hemmed in the narrow spaces below.

Although rising 60 ft. in height, the Bell Tower has but two storeys, or floors. It can be entered only through the Lieutenant's Lodgings—"the King's House" of to-day, which extends east above the ballium wall. The enlarged modern windows and balcony of that building, giving an extensive view over the river and its passing traffic, have been placed there for the convenience of the resident Major of The Tower, who nowadays occupies these historical quarters.

Sir Thomas More

The tower takes its name from the little wooden turret on the summit, where still the bell is hung. This was the alarm bell of the fortress, performing this service as well as giving the curfew. As a place of great strength, and being also under the immediate supervision of the Lieutenant, who commanded the sole means of access and exit,



THE CURFEW, OR BELL, TOWER

the Bell Tower was frequently chosen as the place of immurement of important prisoners of State. The lower chamber is a stone vaulted cell, the ribs square and without ornament, though there are remains of ancient circular shafts and capitals. Light enters only through the narrow piercings of the wall. This was the prison of Sir Thomas More, and for a time the aged Bishop Fisher was confined in the apartment above him, till both in turn passed out to the block on Tower Hill.

When More was committed to The Tower the Yeoman Porter there, privileged by custom, demanded of him his upper garment.

"Mr. Porter," quoth he, "heere it is," and tooke off his capp, and delivered it to him, saying, "I am very sorry it is noe better for thee." "Noe, sir," quoth the porter, "I must have your gowne." And soe was he by the Lieutenant conveyed to his lodginge."

More's quaint humour, irrepressible even when he reached the scaffold, survived the

months spent in this dreary place. Sir William Kingston, the Constable of The Tower and his old friend, did his best to lodge him decently, expressing a trust that his prisoner would accept his goodwill and such poor cheer as he had. "I do not mislike my cheer, but whensoever I so do, then thrust me out of your doors," More answered. In this cell, not lacking in space, though poorly lit, More wrote books of comfort against tribulation, a treatise on the Sacrament, and was engaged upon his unfinished "Our Lord's Passion." His family biographers, who, in devout spirit, have recorded his full life, state that when he came to expound the words, "and they laid hands upon Him, and held Him," More was deprived of his books, ink, and paper, so could write no further.

It was an immeasurable loss. Thereafter he darkened the few points through which light could enter, and sat through the hours in meditation, replying when questioned, "When all the wares are gone, the shop

windows are to be shut up." No doubt a sufficient reason for this deprivation was the discovery of his clandestine correspondence with Fisher, though More, under examination, denied that any writing had passed.

Fisher's Last Hours

Above, the "Strong Room," so called, makes the whole storey. This is a circular stone chamber, 18 ft. across, with conical roof, and lighted by four windows—the chief prison of the Bell Tower. It is spacious and airy, and perhaps the best prison-room in all the Tower of London, repellent only in its chilling stone and assertion of unconquerable strength. Fisher while there complained piteously of its cold, which must have been terrible in winter for one of his advanced years, so infirm that he trembled already at the grave's brink. On a December day in 1534 he wrote to Cromwell to move the King's favour to release him "out of this cold and painful imprisonment":

I byseche you to be gode, master, unto me in my necessite; for I have neither shirt nor sute, nor yett other clothes, that ar necessary for me to wear, but that bee ragged and rent to shamefully. Nottwithstanding I might easily suffer that, if thei wold keep my body warm. Butt my dyett allso, God knoweth how slender it is at meny tymes, and noo in myn age my sthomak may nott awaye but with a few kynd of meats, which if I want, I decaye forthwith, and fall in to coafes and diseases of my bodye, and kan not keep myself in health. And ass our Lord knoweth, I have nothyng laft un to me for to provide any better, but ass my brother of his own purs layeth out for me to his great hynderance. Wherefoor gode master secretarye eftsones I byseche you to have sum pittie uppon me, and latt me have such thyngs ass ar necessary for me in myn age, and specially for my health.

In this prison-room Fisher was awakened on the 22nd June, 1535, to learn that he must die that morning at nine. He asked the hour. It was five. "Let me by your patience," he said to the Lieutenant, "sleep an hour or two, for I have slept very little this night; and yet, to tell truth, not from any

fear of death, I thank God, but by reason of my great weakness and infirmity." He fell asleep again very soundly for two hours. That sleep of old Fisher's, putting aside all fear of death, valuing as nothing four hours of life before eternity, is among the human incidents which lighten the sombre records of The Tower.

Princess Elizabeth

It is traditional that Queen Elizabeth, when a young princess, was an occupant of this same prison-room after committal by her reigning sister to The Tower. Her health suffering, she was allowed the liberty of the walls and The Tower gardens. A little door from the Bell Tower gives entry upon the high rampart that extends at the top of the ballium wall to the Beauchamp Tower. For a time since the memory of man knoweth not to the contrary, it has been known as "Princess Elizabeth's Walk." Heywood tells a charming story, that as Elizabeth was walking in the Privy Garden the little daughter of

one of The Tower officers, having found some small desk or cupboard keys, innocently took them to the Princess, saying that now she had the keys "she could unlock the gates and go abroad." Other children of the warders walked and talked with her while she took recreation, lightening the monotony of the hours.

Of Elizabeth's two months' captivity in The Tower a good deal is known. She proved a discontented and somewhat troublesome prisoner. At moments she feared immediate execution, and even suggested that she might be despatched, like her mother, by the French headsman's sword.

The Royal Palace was then standing, and the late Mr. Richard Davey, a careful historian, has pointed out good reasons for belief that that was her prison, for at least the more humane stages of her confinement. When Elizabeth entered The Tower, four rooms were set aside for herself and her attendants. She was given liberty "to walk

in the Queen's Lodging." In the Bedingfield Papers, mention is made of "a great chamber next the Princess's" in which she was allowed to walk. There is no other large room in the Belfry. If, indeed, the Bell Tower ever received the great Queen, it was probably after the measures taken for her greater security, for there she would be always under the Lieutenant's watchful eyes, and the stone chamber would no doubt have been made habitable with such comfort as Sir John Brydges, the Lieutenant, was able to provide.

Other Prisoners

The "Strong Room" was not misnamed. High, forbidding, it held secure. It is reached by narrow passages from the King's House, of which the whole Bell Tower forms, as it were, a corner turret. Near the door is a much-defaced inscription, cut in the wall by the Bishop of Ross, who was committed a prisoner there in Elizabeth's reign. The Bell

Tower, great as is its interest, is not made available to the public, nor can it be while the Tower of London remains a garrisoned place, the means of access being as they are. If other arrangements at some time become possible, this undoubtedly is one of the towers where the privilege of admission would be greatly valued.

Lady Arabella Stuart, a first cousin of King James I and also related to the Tudors, and therefore doubly dangerous as an aspirant to the Throne, was a prisoner in the Bell Tower, where her sad and harmless life ended in madness ; Lady Catherine Seymour, the sister of Lady Jane Grey, and a victim of Elizabeth's fury, another. Therein her son was born—the infant whose destiny it was to be baptised in St. Peter ad Vincula, where beneath the floor his nearest relatives, all having perished by the axe, lay in nameless graves. The times were pitiless that could condemn women of gentle birth to immurement here, where to live celled within these

8-ft. walls must have seemed to be walled-up alive. The last occupant of note was John Thelwall, the Reformer, in 1794, who had the good fortune to secure an acquittal. That was unlike the majority of those held captive in the Tower of London on charges of treason.

V

ST. PETER AD VINCULA

"IN truth, there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery," wrote Lord Macaulay of the sheltered chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula within The Tower. "Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried through

successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts."

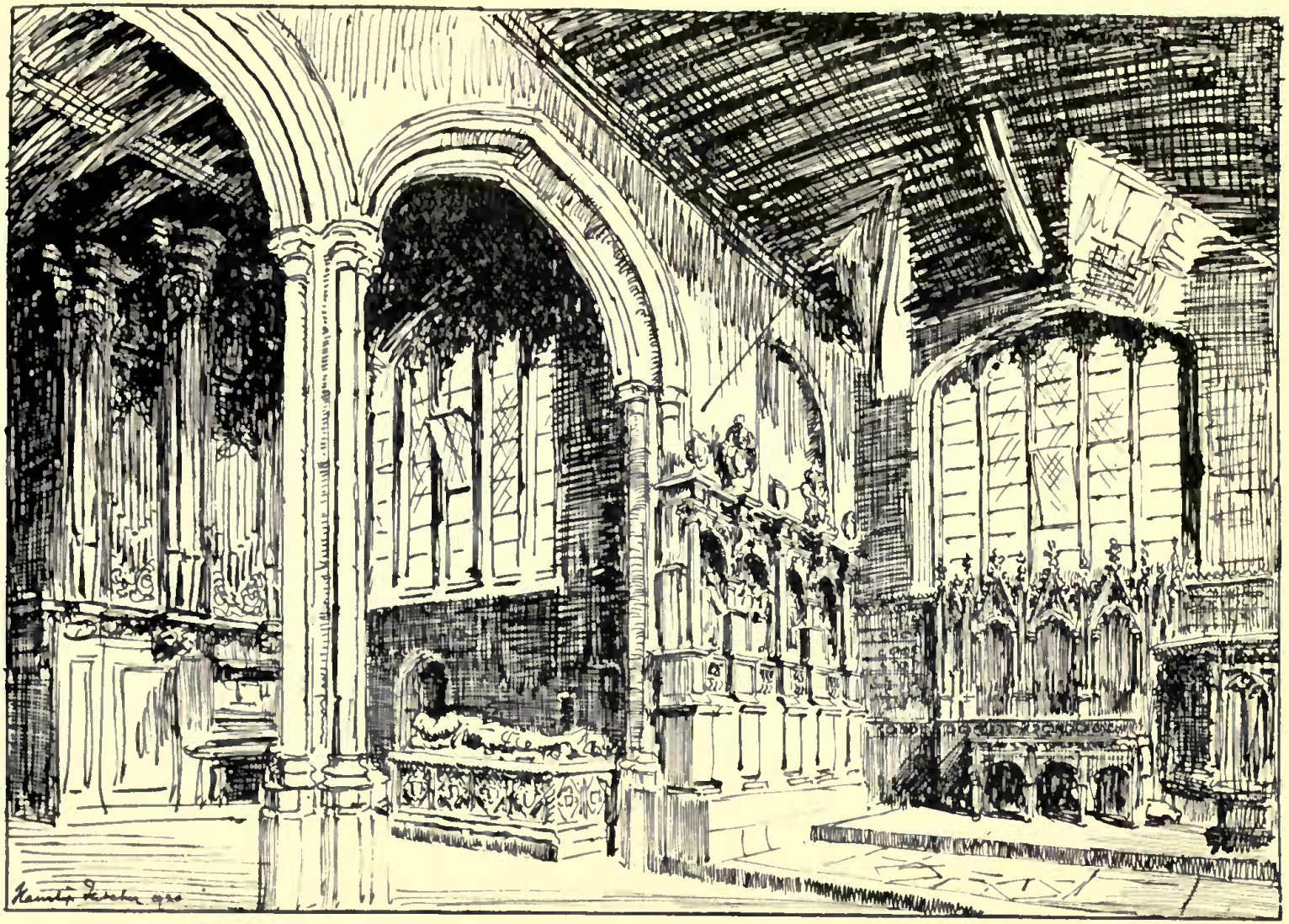
Stillness broods over the chapel. They lie in close company, side by side in the small space before the altar which is raised a foot above the level of the floor, a few yards of earth covering the relics of men and women who in their day had been these splendid figures—all violently cut off in their prime. It covers the relics of two English Queens. The sound of a footfall seems an intrusion here. Occasionally, muffled, the sharp word of command and the tramp of soldiers drilling on the parade-ground enters, reminding one that this is a fortress chapel. One stands silent before these dead, when thoughts run back and the mind is filled with the large part which they in their lives have played, filling out so many pages of our history, and the idea seems grotesque that this tiny

plot should hold all. A carpet would shelter it.

They have no monument—not even the scratching of a name or initials upon the tiles, till in our own time this little service was done. Others of less note in the world's judgment have monuments about the church; the eye turns for relief to the sculptured figures of officers of The Tower in Elizabethan ruff, and inscriptions of soldiers and divines buried within the walls, but a plain flat pavement covers all this tragedy of England's history. They were rudely coffined who lie below. Anne Boleyn, fallen from her splendour and brought to this end in seventeen days, was thrust after execution into an elm chest, made and used for arrows, and so buried; and others were hurried below ground as little ceremoniously.

Graves Before the Altar

"There lyeth before the high altar in St. Peter's Church two Dukes between



ST. PETER AD VINCULA CHAPEL.

two Queens," is old John Stow's simple record.

John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, is one of these, the man whose vaulting ambition brought Lady Jane Grey to this same chapel. Somerset is his fellow, one of two brothers, the elder Protector of the Realm of England during the minority of the boy King Edward VI, the younger Thomas Seymour, Lord Seymour of Sudeley and Lord High Admiral of England—both beheaded, both after the quarrels of their intriguing lives finding rest in this same earth. Queen Katharine Howard is companion in sepulture to Anne Boleyn, and a third I would add to this Royal company of Queens—" Jane the Queene," though hers was but a nine-days' reign. Monmouth, who by an armed rising struck out for a crown, was placed actually beneath the altar; in the Armoury within the Keep you may see scythe blades used in the harvest field, roughly nailed upon poles, which served as weapons for the poor peasants

of Sedgemoor inveigled into support of his cause.

Robert Devereux, the handsome Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's favourite, and a rebel against the great Queen to whom he owed all, is with two representatives of the long line of the Dukes of Norfolk; and the aged Countess of Salisbury, Margaret Pole, is another. She would not bend her grey head to the headsman's stroke. "So should traitors do, and I am none," she protested. Fifteen in all lie in this hallowed ground about the altar, with Monmouth apart, in a double row 6 ft. in depth, with 2 ft. 6 in. width for each—18 ft. by 12 ft.—that is enough. The axe has harvested all, save only Sir Thomas Overbury, whose mysterious end in The Tower was due to poison. Philip, Earl of Arundel, dying in imprisonment, was buried here; his body was later removed to the chapel at Arundel. Where else in the wide world does so little space hold so much, telling so poignantly of the end of all human grandeur?

ALTAR DUKE OF MONMOUTH 1685						
LORD ROCHFORD 1536	QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN 1536	DUKE OF SOMERSET 1551	DUKE OF NORTHUM-BERLAND 1553	QUEEN KATHARINE HOWARD 1542	LADY ROCHFORD 1542	COUNTESS OF SALISBURY 1541
Lord Guilford Dudley 1554	*Lady Jane Grey* 1554	*Duke of Suffolk* 1554	DUKE OF NORFOLK 1572	EARL OF ARUNDEL 1595 (removed)	EARL OF ESSEX 1601	SIR THOMAS OVERBURY 1613

The sites of interments in the chancel are set out in the above plan, those given in italics being conjectural.

This plot before the altar was reserved for the most distinguished victims of State. Royal or noble blood would seem to have been the requisite for admission there. But the chapel has given its shelter in nameless graves to many others whose part upon the world's stage has won for them in perhaps greater measure the veneration and awe, and sometimes even the contempt, of posterity. There is a list of thirty-four names on a modern memorial tablet by the entrance door. The good Sir Thomas More was brought here from Tower Hill for burial, and Bishop Fisher, condemned like him for denial of the spiritual supremacy of King Henry VIII, was laid by his side—the two martyrs for Faith among a large company whom alone the chapel holds. Laud, an object of Puritan hate, though beheaded on Tower Hill, never rested here. Some said as he came out to execution that he had painted his face that morning purple; but the standers-by were hushed into sudden awe on seeing that purple

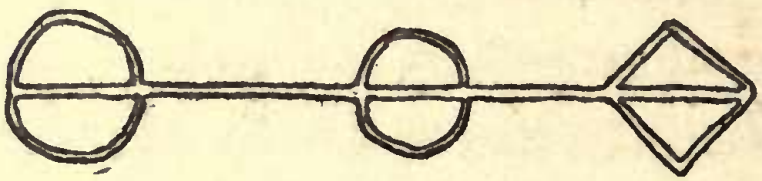
face turn ghastly white. Somewhere this enriched earth has mixed with the dust of Thomas Cromwell, himself the victim of that ruthless statecraft which at his bidding had brought so many to the block, the stake, and the gibbet. Surely he among them all must lie most uneasily.

The Duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane Grey's father, when all was lost, shared her fate and burial in St. Peter's, though his head is said—on somewhat dubious authority—to be that gruesome relic now preserved under glass in the Church of St. Botolph, Aldgate.* Guilford Dudley, Lady Jane's youthful husband, rests before the altar by his wife's side. The Parliamentarian, Sir John Eliot, one whose fame is pure and serene, died a prisoner in The Tower, and in this chapel his remains were laid. "No stone," says his biographer, "marks the spot, but as long as freedom continues he will not be without a monu-

* I have told the curious story of this head with some detail in *Unknown London*.

ment." Many more there are, famous or infamous in story, who after life's fitful fever sleep. Jeffreys, the Lord Chief Justice, one feels glad has been removed from a company that his execrated memory dishonours, and now his body reposes in his family vault at the City church of St. Mary Aldermanbury.

Closing the long roll are the three rebel lords of " the '45 "—Prince Charlie's fruitless



effort to seize the throne of Scotland and England. Kilmarnock and Balmerino alone had their stone marked by a peculiar sign which puzzled all who attempted to decipher its meaning, until at the renovation of the chapel in 1876 their coffins were found below. It is a shaft with two rings, and presumably the lozenge was added when that sly old fox, Simon Fraser Lord Lovat, the last man beheaded in England, joined their company.

Sir Simon de Burley, in King Richard II's reign, had been the first to perish on Tower Hill by "the more honourable death of the axe." Simons both. The stone, close by the door, you almost step upon when entering the chapel. The cutting is slowly undergoing obliteration by many passing feet. Leaden coffin plates of the Jacobite lords, inscribed with names, style, and ages, are exhibited on the adjacent wall.

Till the renovations carried out by Queen Victoria, when the galleries added by George II and the high-backed pews were removed, the church was in a deplorable state of neglect. Its floor had sunk in many places, and the walls were covered with whitened plaster and the roof concealed—conditions well justifying Lord Macaulay's expression of disgust "at the barbarous stupidity which has transformed this interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town." That is now all changed; there is nothing to exasperate or

jar the sense with any feeling of pain. An Army Chaplain is always the pastor, and the cure is much sought after, for the opportunities it gives for work and study. Christmas and Easter are the chapel's great days.

Easter Day

St. Peter's, setting aside its memories of sadness, then takes festal array. The Tower Warders, the full corps, don their full-dress uniform of the King's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard, with the ruff and silk stockings and big rosettes to the shoes. Bearing their halberts, they attend the Governor and Major of the Tower in State from the King's House to this place of worship. The Chief Yeoman Warder carries the Tower Mace, the tall shaft surmounted by a pretty model in old silver of the Norman Keep. Church plate is brought for the special occasion from the Regalia. The warders surround the Governor, himself in General's full dress. They sit, a blaze of

scarlet and gold and steel, within the grey walls, with the khaki of the military garrison around, and the sombre attire of such of the public as may have gained admission. That is the picture made. It is a moving service, the hymns sung lustily by so many men's voices, in a church which is unique for its historical associations.

King John, or it may be an earlier monarch, established the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in The Tower—St. Peter in chains. At the church of S. Pietro in Vincoli at Rome, to this day, the chains of the saint each year are exhibited to the faithful on August 1. The chapel at least has mention in King John's time, and is likely to have been built over the detached crypt to which the human remains removed from below the floor of the nave and aisle have been committed.

The chapel as we know it owes its origin to King Edward I, but in its present state is largely the work of King Henry VIII, who after a survey of The Tower had been made

and a report drawn up spent considerable sums upon it. The fine chestnut roof now disclosed is his, and the arches and the windows, except that over the west entrance door, are of that period. Of the two altars, the chief was dedicated to St. Peter. The other, in the north aisle, was in honour of the Virgin, and there is a hagioscope, or squint, cut through the wall, to enable the priest there officiating to observe the high altar.

The monument at the head of the single aisle is that of Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant of The Tower in the reign of King Henry VII, and bears recumbent life-size effigies in alabaster of the knight and his wife Elizabeth. It has been opened, but was found to contain no human remains—nothing beyond fragments of the old stone font that were packed within it. That the couple were buried elsewhere is made the more likely from the date of death having been left blank. No doubt Sir Richard and the Lady Elizabeth

gained satisfaction from gazing upon their effigies when often they worshipped here.

Field-Marshal Sir John Fox Burgoyne, Constable of The Tower, was the last person to be buried in the chapel, in 1871.

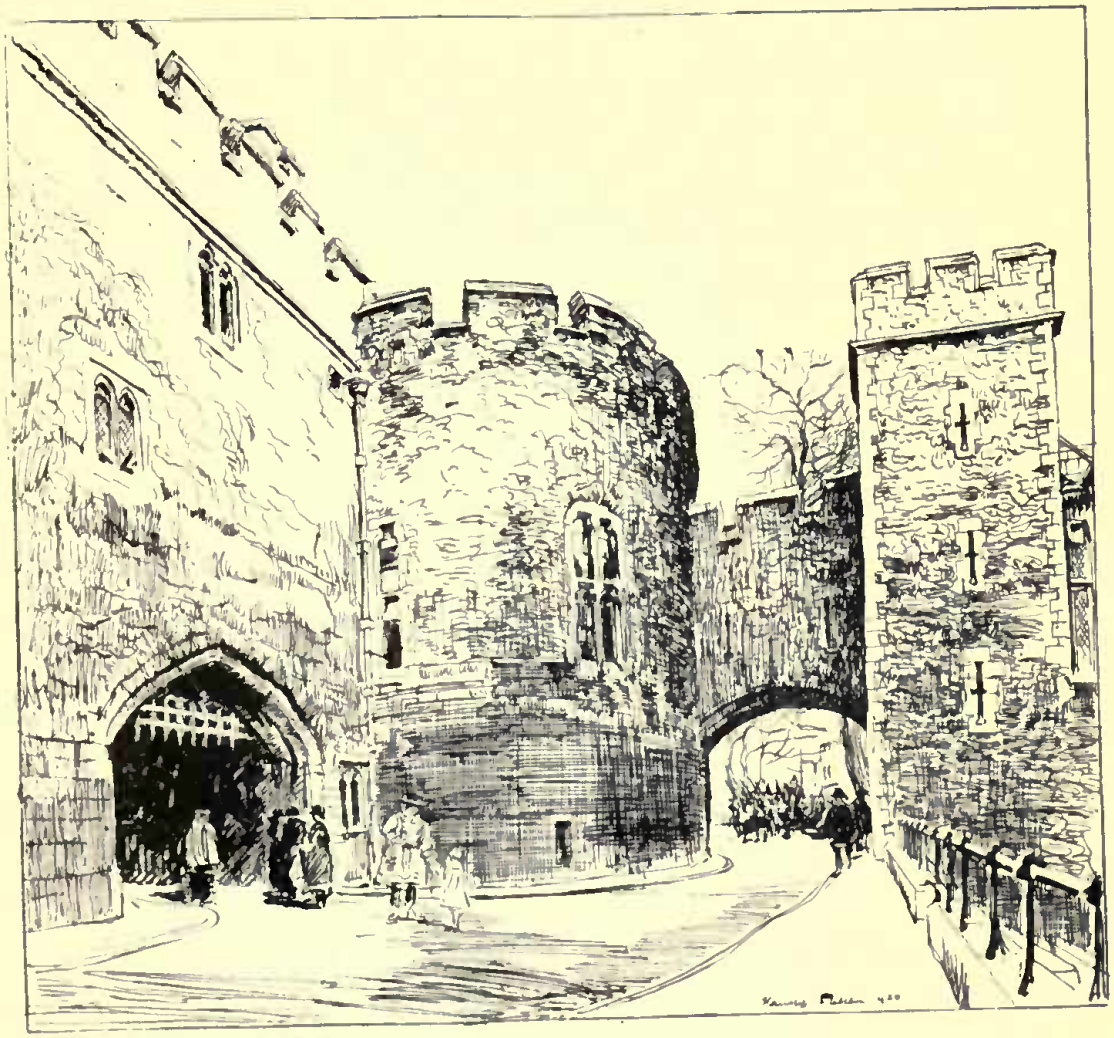
For a long period St. Peter ad Vincula was not accessible to visitors to The Tower except by written permission specially obtained, a restriction the sense of which I could never understand. Happily the authorities having charge of the fortress to-day have found more enlightenment, and when a warder can be spared from other duty he is at liberty to take visitors over. It is probably little known that any worshipper among the public may attend the garrison service at this historic church at eleven o'clock on Sunday mornings, and, indeed, will be welcomed.

VI

BLOODY TOWER AND REGALIA

THE Bloody Tower, square and menacing, its old stones dark with age and weathered, defends the one low arch and narrow causeway which gave admission to the Inner Ward. Immediately opposite is the Traitors' Gate. The prisoner of State landed there had but a few steps to cross, and once through this portal, the black portcullis lowered behind him, which still shows its jagged teeth, he was held doubly secured. The cobble stones have rung to the feet of men famous in power and in adversity.

Through this archway, wrote Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, have passed all the State prisoners that the old fortress has drawn into its grim maw—prelates, queens and princes,



BLOODY TOWER AND WAKEFIELD TOWER

statesmen, judges, courtiers, and soldiers of all degrees—the patriot willing to lay down his life for the "old cause," as Algernon Sidney called his policy, and the favourite of some fickle Royal master, thrown aside and allowed to perish by a Henry, an Elizabeth, or a Charles. For five centuries this old tower has seen pass beneath its black walls many who have helped to make the history of our race; this pathway has been their via crucis.

Look up, when through the arch, to the little square window directly above its point. When warders had used the Bloody Tower for their quarters a box of homely flowers lightened the sill with colour, and a caged bird sang from the wall. That was the window through which Laud, fated himself to die by the axe three years later, extended his hands to give the last blessing to Strafford as that statesman passed beneath to execution on Tower Hill. Then he fell back fainting into the arms of his servants. "I hope by God's assistance," murmured the

Archbishop, " and mine own innocency, that when I come to my own execution, I shall show the world how much more sensible I am of my Lord Strafford's loss than I am of my own."

Memories cluster about the Bloody Tower as thickly as anywhere within the fortress. It is small as it is strong, and crimes have been committed within its walls, by dagger and poison and harsh imprisonment unduly prolonged, that well justify the forbidding name it has borne these three centuries past and more. Mingling curiously with them are literary associations we can ill afford to spare.

Raleigh and Eliot

Sir Walter Raleigh spent thirteen years of captivity here, and beguiled some of the tedium of the hours by writing in the Bloody Tower his noble fragment of the " History of the World." In the one ample chamber that the Bloody Tower contains, when last I passed through, a copy of the book had been

placed on exhibition, there where it was written, and a wreath for reminder. It is Raleigh's Walk that extends along the ballium wall from this tower towards the Lieutenant's Lodgings, which formerly it must have joined—the little liberty he was allowed after close immurement had brought to his strong frame the agonies of rheumatism and palsy. In his time the Bloody Tower had alternatively the better name of the Garden Tower, and in the Garden House near by he conducted his scientific experiments.

Sir John Eliot, the undaunted Parliamentarian, was a later prisoner, dying of consumption in a cold and draughty cell. The oratory that had moved his fellow-countrymen being thus effectually silenced, he wrote here three of his books, "The Monarchy of Men," "Jure Magistratis," and his "Apology for Socrates." "Let him be buried in the parish in which he died," was Charles I's pitiless reply to the relatives who desired his body, and so it is that the patriot rests with

the sorrowful company in the church of St. Peter ad Vincula within The Tower.

The literary associations of the Tower of London would be sadly incomplete without mention of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, though evidence is wanting to tell in what turret he was confined. The great Quaker was brought there for having published a pamphlet called "A Sandy Foundation Shaken," which bigots of the time considered blasphemous, and while in imprisonment he wrote his "No Cross, no Crown," the most enduring of his religious writings.

Martyrs for Faith

The visitor enters the Bloody Tower at the floor above the archway, where is the windlass for raising and lowering the portcullis that can still be worked. It is worth noting, for there are but one or two others authentic in England. This place seems but a small passage, but when many captives had to be accommodated it was used as a windowless

cell. The one large prison-room, stone paved, is on the left, and opens high to the roof, for the floor above, which no doubt spread right across, has been carried away in all but a small portion. Archbishop Cranmer was confined in the Bloody Tower, in all probability in this chamber, and there in Queen Mary's reign, when London was stocked full with prisoners, so that even the City churches were utilized as places for immurement, Latimer and Ridley were brought to keep his company, and in converse they strengthened one another in theological convictions. All three passed out to die at the stake at Oxford.

Felton, the fanatical assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, favourite of two monarchs, was held fast in the Bloody Tower. A later Duke of Buckingham was himself five times a prisoner in London's fortress.

Later still there came here the infamous Chief Justice Jeffreys. Saved from lynching by an angry mob, after a law clerk had

recognized his unforgettable face peering out of the window of a low ale-house at Wapping, he spent his last miserable days in this place of gloom, and there died.

If walls could speak, the Bloody Tower would tell many a tale of terror. There Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who had fallen under Elizabeth's severe disfavour, met his mysterious end. Suicide in dread of execution as a traitor, and to save his estates from confiscation, was the explanation given out. His personal servants had been removed and a stranger sent. In dead of night was raised a hue and cry. Sir Owen Hopton, the Lieutenant of The Tower, going to the chamber, found the Earl lying dead, stretched beneath the clothes, and on pulling them down saw the bed soaked with blood, from repeated dagger thrusts in the left breast. That circumstance and others suggest, not suicide, but the midnight assassin; at any rate, there was no need for trial.

Sir Thomas Overbury, confined in the

Bloody Tower, died there from slow poison, mixed with his food. Arsenic, cantharides, lunar caustic, mercury, powdered diamonds, all were employed, if the statements afterwards made by those condemned for the sordid business can be credited, and these failing, a clyster finally relieved the poor gentleman of the burden of life. A courtier of King James I, he was the victim of a most tangled plot. Incidentally it cost Sir Gervase Elwes—or Helwyss—the Lieutenant of The Tower, his life, for he was hanged on Tower Hill for his willing participation in the affair —not the only Lieutenant so to suffer, for the Royalists, on their return with Charles II, made similar short work of Berkstead, who had filled the office under the Parliament.

Little Princes Murdered

Of course, all these associations of the Bloody Tower pale before the pitiable tragedy committed there in 1483, to which is ascribed the name which this building of

ill-omen bears. It was the place of the murder of the little Princes, the boy King Edward V, twelve years of age, and his younger brother, the Duke of York. Long tradition points out the small room to which the visitor passes on the floor above as the actual scene of the crime. A dark stone staircase, circular and so narrow that one at a time only can pass, goes up to it. There is another means of gaining entrance, by Raleigh's Walk, on to which the visitor steps when leaving the tower. Here, along the top of the ballium wall, the murderers, Dighton, Forrest, and Slater, stealthily approached, forcing a way into the room, and, finding the boys sleeping, they suffocated one. The other, waking, was despatched with a dagger. The bodies were hastily committed to earth by the basement of the adjoining Wakefield Tower, and afterwards removed, Sir Thomas More says to "consecrated ground," they being King's sons.

But the site of the burial was long a

mystery, for Sir Robert Brackenbury, the Constable of The Tower, was killed at Bosworth Field, and the priest who conducted the secret interment had died. In excavations by the south wall of the Keep, at the foot of the stairs, in King Charles II's reign, the bones of two young boys were found together a foot or two below the surface. Believing these to be the remains of the ill-fated Princes, that monarch had them removed to Westminster Abbey, where they now lie.

The guilt of that black crime history has placed to the infamy of King Richard III, and the judgment will stand, despite the efforts of some recent writers to rehabilitate his tarnished character. By one of these we are asked to believe that the boys died natural, if convenient, deaths!

The Regalia

The Wakefield Tower flanking, and the Bloody Tower built above and about the arch, defend the one historical entrance to

the Inner Ward. The Wakefield Tower has almost lost its identity in the Crown Jewels contained within it, yet should command its own interest. An English King, Henry VI, was murdered therein. It is among the earliest buildings of the Tower of London. On the other hand, the Regalia makes no claim to antiquity.

Nothing is really ancient except the Ampulla, or Golden Eagle, which holds the anointing oil used at a Coronation, and the Spoon into which the oil is poured, and with them the Black Prince's ruby worn in the front of the King's State Crown. The City churches, and some few among the City Companies, can boast possession of examples of the goldsmith's and silversmith's work of greater age than the Regalia, the product of skilled craftsmen of King Edward VI and Elizabeth.

That is because there was Civil War in this country, and King Charles I pledged and disposed of a good deal of the Crown

Jewels and plate to provide funds for the Royalist forces; and the Parliament, once secure in authority, seized and sold the remainder. When King Charles II returned to take the Throne he found everything wanting, and went to his goldsmith, Sir Robert Vyner, to fit him out with Regalia, like others might ask to be fitted out with a suit. Vyner did so, for £32,000, advancing the money himself.

The Ampulla, forgotten or by chance hidden in the Treasure House at Westminster Abbey, escaped the despoilers, as did the Spoon, in the same place, both being ecclesiastical plate. But how the Black Prince's ruby has survived even Major-General Sir George Younghusband, who not only is Keeper of the Crown Jewels, but the greatest living authority upon them, does not know. It went up at the Commonwealth auction—a cheap lot at £4, the sum paid for the gem. Whether it fell to a Royalist, revering it for the association with

the dethroned monarchy, or to a Parliament man who took it at a bargain price and returned it to the Regalia at a gorgeous profit, none can now tell. But the ruby found its way back to King Charles II at the Restoration, and is prized among the jewels.

Crowns went cheap at this astonishing sale, these being some priced items in the inventory :*

King Alfred's Crown, of gold wire, with small stones, weight 79½ oz., at £3 per oz.	£248	10	0
A small crown (apparently the Crown of King Edward VI) . . .	£73	16	8
— the gold, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, etc., of above . . .	£355	0	0
Queen Edith's Crown, formerly thought massy gold, found to be silver gilt, with garnets, pearls, sapphires, odd stones . . .	£16	0	0
Large glass cup wrought in figures (actually the agate Chalice of Edward the Confessor) . .	£102	5	0
Two sceptres, with pearls and gems and gold	£65	16	10½

* Younghusband, *The Jewel House*, pp. 97–9.

Coronation robes were cheaper still, sold for an old song :

One robe, laced with gold lace . .		10	0
One robe of crimson taffaty . .		5	0
One pair of buskins, cloth of silver and silver stockings, very old . . .		2	6
One pair of gloves embroidered with gold		1	0
Three swords with scabbards of cloth of gold	£3	0	0
One liver-coloured silk robe, very old and worth nothing			

Of course, there have been many additions since Charles II, and the British Regalia to-day by far out-values that of any other monarchy. To the famous Koh-i-Noor has in recent years been added the still larger Cullinan diamond. The King's State Crown contains between five and six thousand separate jewels. The great gems, treasured merely because they are vulgarly big, may appeal to many people—all are to be seen in this unique collection—but some will derive greater satisfaction from the gold and

silver plate. There are many excellent examples of the skilled craftsman's work since Carolian times.

The Sovereign's Crowns are three in number: (1) the Crown of England, or Edward the Confessor's Crown, which is a replica made for Charles II on the lines of the historic crown earlier destroyed; (2) the State Crown, made for Queen Victoria, and but slightly altered by the two succeeding monarchs, but containing historical jewels, the Black Prince's ruby, Queen Elizabeth's pearls, and others; and (3) the Imperial Indian Crown, mostly set with diamonds and with a few very large emeralds and rubies, which was manufactured in London for King George V; his Majesty was crowned with it Emperor of India in the year 1912.

There are besides the smaller Queen's Crowns. In this surfeit of blazing riches which is the Regalia one looks with contentment upon a simple diadem—it is not really a crown—that King James II made a gift

to his queen, Mary of Modena. The designer has produced a headgear of real artistic merit (a thing impossible, apparently, with the ordinary bejewelled crown). Large pearls form a continuous row beneath the crimson velvet cap, topping a broad circlet of gold, the latter being enclustered with diamonds displayed in an effective figuring.

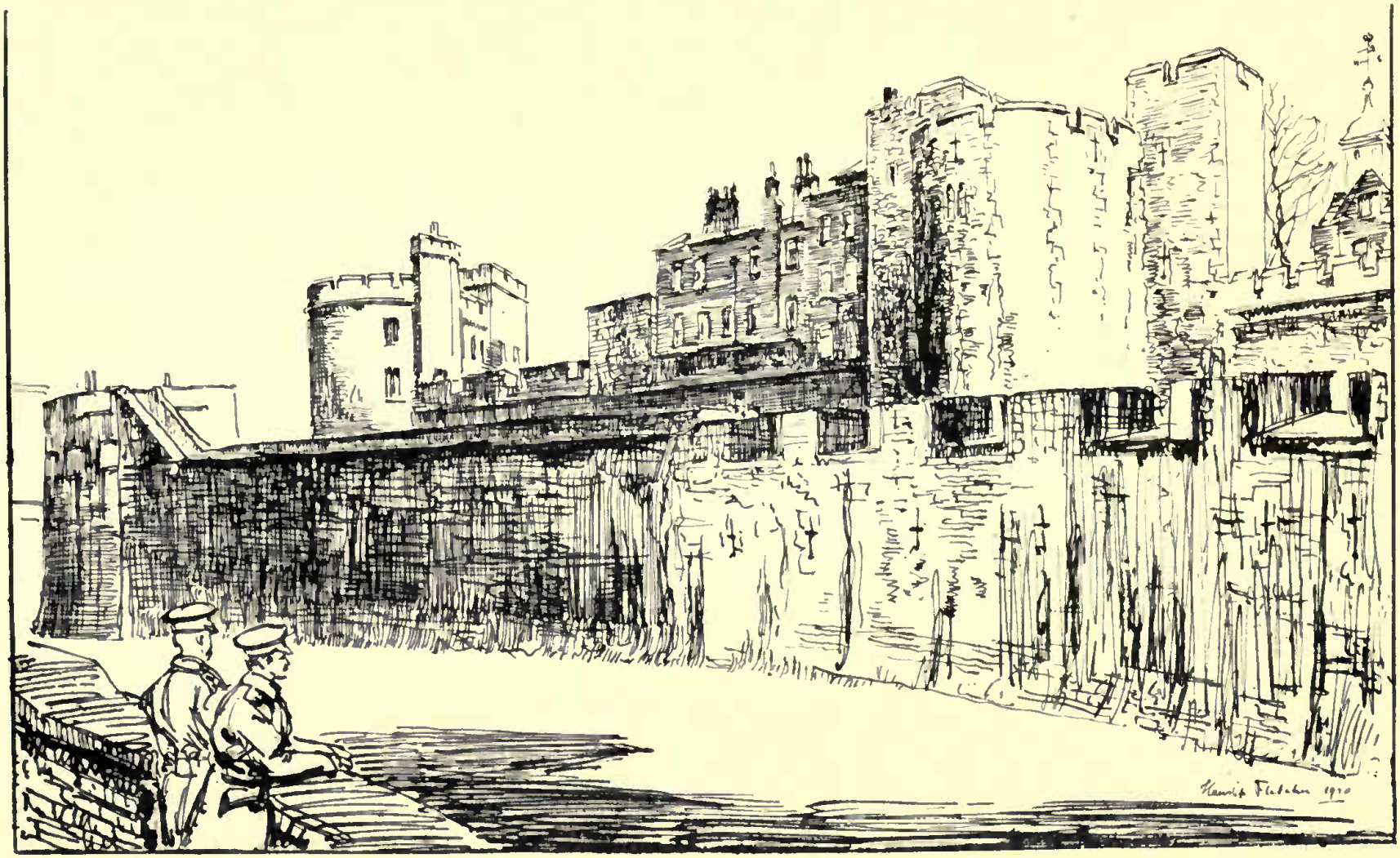
Nothing else so attractive is in the collection of crowns. Orb, sceptres, plate, all are there. But I can imagine a sensitive person running away with something like horror from the garish glitter contained within the steel cage of the Wakefield Tower.

VII

THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER

THOMAS BEAUCHAMP, Earl of Warwick, himself a builder of Warwick Castle, was committed to this tower in 1397. It was a characteristic, but not a kingly, act of Richard II to invite him to a banquet, then have him arrested at the board and clapt into this stronghold. If treachery there was, then it was on both sides. Altogether his imprisonment in the Tower of London lasted little more than a twelvemonth, and he regained his liberty in the triumph of Henry of Bolingbroke. Warwick was not a great figure, either for strength of character or for achievement, and his chief remembrance is that he gave his name to the Beauchamp Tower.

It became in Tudor times the principal



BEAUCHAMP TOWER FROM ACROSS THE MOAT

prison of the Tower of London, for which purpose it was well suited. Its substantial masonry made quite safe anyone committed to its keeping. Looking up the bailey, by which he may not pass, the visitor sees the bold tower projecting outwards in a half-circle, with battlemented roof. That side is here illustrated.

More familiar is the aspect from Tower Green, to which it presents a flat front, with entrance deeply sunk in the ground. There, at any rate, the glamour of the old walls survives, though the large window is Salvin's innovation last century. The cross window is of the age of Edward III, to whom the entire building is attributed. Till Queen Victoria's reign this view of the Beauchamp Tower was blocked from sight by decaying tenements built up against it, and chimney shafts raised against the ancient walls, so little did our forefathers venerate the historic Tower of London.

The chief prison chamber is on the first

floor, but the apartments above, now occupied by a warder, were used for the same purpose. That in days when the Tower of London was crowded with captives the basement also was utilized for immurement is evident from the inscriptions still remaining there. "Peverel," cut into the stone, with a shield and the device of a crucifix with a bleeding heart in the centre, excites interest. It is said to have suggested the name to Scott for his novel, though of this Peverel prisoner nothing is known. Marmaduke Neville, a plotter for Mary Queen of Scots in Elizabeth's reign, also has left his name. These two graphites are to be found above. A narrow winding stair is the sole means of communication with each floor from ground to roof, and it is on the first floor that the visitor finds himself entirely absorbed with the records that so many hapless prisoners confined here have made. They are of varying quality, but some, like that illustrated opposite, have great artistic merit.

Carvings by Prisoners

The walls are covered with inscriptions. First to arrest attention is the elaborate

IOHN DVDLE
YOW THAT THESE BRASTS DOWEL BEHOLD AND SE
MAY DEME WITE EASE WHERFORE HERE MADE THEY BE
WITE BORDERS EKE WERIN
4 BROTHERS NAMES WHO LIST TO SERCHE TE GROVND

The Dudley Rebus

carving and rebus of the five Dudley brothers —a family fated to greatness or misfortune.

The block ere this inscription was cut had already claimed one, another rose to be Elizabeth's magnificent Earl of Leicester; the carver himself, condemned as a traitor against Queen Mary, but reprieved, died in this prison. The central object of the design is the Dudley crest, a bear and a lion, deeply cut in bold relief, supporting the ragged staff. This is contained within a frame composed of garlands of roses, gillyflowers, honeysuckle, and oak sprigs with acorns. Four lines of poetry set out beneath are these:

"Yow that these beasts do wel behold and se
May deme withe ease wherfore here made they be,
Withe borders eke wherin
4 brothers names who list to serche the ground."

"With ease," the rebus certainly has not been read, for it has puzzled the brains of a great many people. The third line was left unfinished, and one can only speculate what was intended. The Rev. R. Dick, in his monograph on this tower, has suggested reading into the blank space the words "there may

be found." This gives a reason for and explanation of the carving, and is probable. The rose is believed to stand for Robert Dudley, the gillyflower for Guilford, the acorn for Ambrose, and the honeysuckle for Henry. John Dudley has his name shown, and there can be little doubt that he was the carver. All five brothers were incarcerated in the Beauchamp Tower. Guilford, the husband of Lady Jane Grey, before his young life was cut short on Tower Hill. John, Earl of Warwick, had assisted the ambitious Northumberland in placing on the throne the hapless Queen of the nine-days' reign, hence the savage sentence passed upon him and his end here. The others went free.

Away at a little distance is one of the most pathetic of the inscriptions. It is the single

word "Jane." Lady Jane Grey was never held prisoner in the Beauchamp Tower, and this is supposed to have been carved by her youthful husband during the days of his captivity.

Among the many these walls have confined was the unfortunate Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel. Elizabeth's age permitted no freedom to Roman Catholics, and Howard, seeking abroad what was denied to him in his own land, was seized in the Channel and brought to The Tower, where he lingered for eight years after sentence of death, knowing that any day he might be called out for execution. His father and two ancestors of his line had suffered at the block, and his own fate seemed always near. His last gaoler was Sir Michael Blount, the Lieutenant whose fine monument is in St. Peter ad Vincula, blocking up the hagioscope. This man's brutality Arundel reproved upon his death-bed, saying to him: "When a prisoner comes hither to this Tower, he bringeth sorrow with him; then

do not add affliction to affliction. Your commission is only to keep with safety, not to kill with severity." A Latin inscription cut by the Earl, and now above the fireplace, reads:

> The more suffering for Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next. Thou hast crowned him with honour and glory, O Lord! In memory everlasting he will be just. Arundell, June 22, 1587.

The prisoners were not all noble, nor even important. Charles Bailly has left several graphites, obviously having found consolation in carving them. He was concerned in one of many plots to free Mary Queen of Scots from captivity, and was seized by Elizabeth's officers while carrying treasonable correspondence. Worldly wisdom came late, and he has thus moralized on his prison wall: "I.H.S., 1571. Die Aprilis. Wise men ought circumspectly to se what they do, to examen before they speake, to prove before they take in hand, to beware whose companey they use, and abouve all things to whom they truste.—

Charles Bailly." Other precepts by him are: "The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not pacient in adversities. For men are not killed with the adversities they have; but with ye impacience which they suffer." "The sighs are the true testimonies of my anguish." Last, "Hope to the end and have pacience."

An Irishman, Thomas Miagh, though he had had experience of Elizabeth's torturers, was more hearty in expression of his sentiments:

> "Tomas Miagh whiche lieth here alon
> That fayne would from hens be gon
> By tortyre straynge mi troyth was tryed
> Yet of my libertie denyed."

In all, there are ninety-one inscriptions on these walls. A few do not belong to this tower, but have been brought from others where decay has required restoration, and so carefully preserved, but these few apart, all are the handiwork of prisoners who crowded the Beauchamp Tower in Tudor days—in the

majority, plotters against the State, though often, as Bailly's carvings show, the poor tools of others highly placed. Thomas Clarke, 1576, has left two, in rhyme :

I leve in hope, and I give credit to mi frinde, in time did stande me moste in hande, so woulde I never do againe, except I hade hime sver in hande, and to al men wishe I so, unles ye sussteine the leke lose as I do. Unhappie is that man whose actes doth procuer the miseri of this hous in prison to indure.

The second runs : " Hit is the poynt of a wise man to try and then truste, for hapy is he whome fyndeth one that is just."

One T. Salmon—a late-comer, for he dates his carving 1622—has cut in the stone his coat of arms of three salmon, with a star and a death's-head and three short precepts in Latin, and above the record of his imprisonment : " Close prisoner 8 months 32 weeks 224 days 5376 hours." Closely he must have counted the hours.

A carving of a bell bearing the letter A,

with "Thomas" above, is an easily-read rebus for Thomas Abel, Queen Catherine of Aragon's chaplain.

An unhappy man, William Tyrrell, prisoner in 1541, utters in Italian his despair to the unresponsive stone: "Since fortune has chosen to scatter my hopes to the wind, I wish my time were ended, my planet being ever sad and unfortunate."

Others are brief. "Grief is overcome by patience. G. Gyfford. August 8, 1586." "An evil conscience makes men fear even security." Nameless, there is this: "Hope in God."

An unknown man, a prisoner of Elizabeth, has left the longest inscription cut upon these walls. William Rame is a name only. Whatever the cause of his confinement here, and his fate, he carved well and neatly. "Be patient in trouble"—it is the same message, won from experience, that so many others have given:

Better it is to be in the howse of mornyng than in the howse of banketing: the harte of the wyse is

in the mornyng howse: it is better to have some chastening than to have over moche liberte. Tere is a tyme for all things, a tyme to be borne and a tyme to dye: ande the daye of deathe is better than the daye of berthe: there is an ende of all things, and the ende of a thing is better then the begenin: be wyse ande pacyente in troble, for wysdom defendethe as well as mony: use well the tyme of prosperite, ande remember the tyme of misfortewn. xxii die Aprilis Ano 1559. William Rame.

These scratchings are of many of the captives the only memorial. The Beauchamp Tower is the most typical prison hold in the fortress, with a message that all may read. The stones speak—but only of sadness and suffering borne with fortitude, and of the cruelty of ages now past.

VIII

THE KING'S HOUSE

THE King's House of to-day—the Lieutenant's Lodgings of other days—stands against the wall of the Inner Ward, forming two sides of the angle. Before it extends the one wide open quadrangle of The Tower, the paved space still known as Tower Green. The garden where Sir Walter Raleigh walked was there, and no doubt there was grass, and daisies grew, in a bygone age. Now only the black ravens of The Tower hop from stone to stone, or shelter in the shadow of the formal lines of sycamores. Occasionally a yeoman warder walking across to the King's House, dressed in his Tudor costume, completes the picturesqueness of this remote corner within the fortress.

The Governor and Major of The Tower resides in the King's House—Major-General Henry Pipon, C.B., to whose assistance, always kindly given, I have been much indebted when writing these papers—with his wife, and often some pretty grandchildren, who, of course, love The Tower. He is the representative of the Constable; the office is always given to an Army officer of distinguished service, and by none has been borne more worthily than by this gallant veteran who marched with Roberts to Kandahar—what an age ago that seems now! The view from the great window of what is now the drawing-room is magnificent, over the tree-tops and the shipping down miles of the river; and I should have been more than human not to have envied the occupant these historic quarters.

Guy Fawkes

This room was the Council Chamber of other days. Ghosts do not trouble there, nor,

I was assured, did people bother about them —in fact, the ghosts of The Tower are lamentably disappointing. But one might fancy the shade of Guy Fawkes hovering unseen. In this room, then unceilinged and open to the roof rafters, he was examined by Cecil and the Council of State, but would give nothing beyond a fictitious account of his own origin and life—that his name was Johnston, and other circumstances equally remote from the facts. Thank goodness, the stricter examination which wrung from him the confession afterwards signed by his shaking hand took place away in the depths of The Tower's Keep, where the cries of agony from the rack were stifled. The apartment has mementoes of James I and of the occasion—a contemporary portrait in relief of that monarch, and a very large tablet in coloured marbles bearing long inscriptions in Latin, with some Hebrew, in gold letters. The vanity of that "wisest fool in Christendom" is almost incredible.

For a sample of it I give an English translation from the tablet :

James the Great King of Great Britain, most renowned for piety, justice, prudence, learning, courage, clemency, and the other Royal virtues ; of the Christian faith, of the public safety, of universal peace, the champion, a cherisher, an author, most keen-sighted, most noble, must auspicious. Ann the Queen, the most serene Daughter of Frederick II, the most unconquered King of the Danes. Prince Henry, in the adornments of Nature, in the strength of learning, in the gifts of grace most thoroughly versed. To us both born and given by God. Charles Duke of York, by Divine growth for every virtue. Elizabeth true sister of both, and most worthy of each parent.

Do Thou, foreseeing, strengthen these as the delicate apple of the eye, and hide them far away from the assaults of the impious, fearless under the shadow of Thy wings.

The names of the conspirators to the everlasting Infamy of themselves and the eternal detestation of so great savagery

Then follow the names of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators, a long list, and against

those of the clerks are cut the words, " Monks who belied the saving name of Jesus." The texts recited seem to me simple blasphemy. True, it was not King James himself, but his servile Lieutenant of The Tower, Sir William Waad—" that beast Waad " of Raleigh's imprecation—who placed the tablet here, but he knew well his Royal master.

It was Henry VIII who built the King's House as lodgings for the Lieutenant of The Tower. It coincides in date with the growth in importance of the Lieutenant, who, as executive officer, early after displaced the Constable, his titular head. Centuries later some stucco-minded person covered the front with stucco, concealing its features. Happily this has been torn away, within the past few years, below the gables on the western face, revealing the oak framing and beams and Tudor brick, and the gain thereby in picturesqueness is immense. The plan of the King's House is curious ; it is very shallow, and on the first storey of the western face all the

TOWER GREEN AND THE KING'S HOUSE

rooms open one into another, without other means of communication save by the modern external leads, though on the storey above there is a flanking passage, perhaps a later innovation.

Where arrow-slits occur in the ballium wall against which the King's House is built, in several instances cells have been made in the thickness of the stone wall, and are entered from the rooms. I had thought that each might be an oratory, but the likelier conclusion is that they are prison cells, here under the Lieutenant's immediate supervision. The Bell Tower, as already explained, forms a corner turret of the King's House, and that is a prison stronghold.

Lord Nithsdale's Escape

A room interesting for its historical association is a small chamber adjoining the Council Room, the door once communicating now being blocked. It is that in which Lady Nithsdale compassed the escape of her hus-

band from The Tower, Lord Nithsdale having been condemned for his part taken in the Scottish rising of 1715. The next morning he was to have been executed, with the Earl of Derwentwater and Viscount Kenmure. Greatly surprised were the crowd on Tower Hill when two only, and not three, of the Jacobite lords came on to the scaffold. This story of a woman's wit and daring has often been told; three persons passed in and four passed out, Lord Nithsdale himself in the clothes of his wife's serving woman. The guards were too befogged by so many comings and goings to keep the count. Nithsdale and his heroic wife lived for thirty-two years thereafter in safety in Rome.

Indeed, there is no chamber in the King's House that is not crowded with story, for in The Tower's great days as a State prison captives of distinction—prelates, statesmen, warriors, and soldiers of misfortune—dined at the Lieutenant's board, paying handsomely for the privilege, and many were his im-

mediate guests kept in these separate rooms under key.

Anne Boleyn's Room

On the topmost storey is a little room of sad memories. It is the one in which Queen Anne Boleyn is said to have spent her last days on earth. Whether that be so or not I cannot tell; like the scene of her trial within The Tower, the place of her imprisonment has been a subject of much speculation; but that is the tradition this room has, and I know of nothing conclusive to disturb it. It is a little square chamber, measuring 14 ft. each way, with panelling in dark oak from floor to the white ceiling. The ceiling is low —so low that one can almost touch it with the upstretched hand. The little room is plain to austereness. It is beneath the second gable from the corner on the western face as one surveys the King's House from Tower Green.

On the upper stone of the mantelpiece

some one has carved a long inscription, now indecipherable, but there is what may be the word "Anna."

The single casement window opens upon the battlemented walk—"Princess Elizabeth's Walk"—where the wall falls sheer. That is newly framed; but that apart, the room, except for furniture, survives just as it might have been when Anne Boleyn stepped out to take her place in the guarded procession to the scaffold, raised four or five steps high no great length of paces distant. The unhappy Queen had "wholly habited herself in a robe of black damask, made in such shape that the cape, which was white, did fall on the outer side thereof." I am tempted to quote once more a familiar passage by Froude:

A little before noon on the 19th of May [1536] Anne Boleyn, Queen of England, was led down to the green, where the young grass and the first daisies of summer were freshly bursting in the sunshine. A single cannon stood loaded on the battle-

ments, the motionless cannoneer was ready, with smoking linstock at his side ; and, when the crawling hand upon the dial of the great Tower clock touched the midday hour, that cannon would tell to London that all was over. The Yeomen of the Guard were there, and a crowd of citizens ; the Lord Mayor too, and the deputies of the Guilds, and the Sheriffs, and the Aldermen ; they were come to see a spectacle which England had never seen before—a head which had worn the Crown falling under the sword of the executioner.

Lady Jane Grey

Next to the King's House, on the western side, are those of the Yeoman Jailer and the warders, continuing the row. Gabled and picturesque, apparently of the same age, they will be made the more attractive if at some early day the stucco covering, found here, too, is peeled off. The house of the Yeoman Jailer has one tender memory. It was the place of confinement of Lady Jane Grey.

That we know by a letter from the Privy Council. Nathaniel Partridge then held the office—it was "Gentleman Jailer" in his

time. That officer's duty was to see that all prisoners within The Tower were locked in the quarters of the various warders upon whom they were billeted at the appointed hour at evening. Also he bore the processional axe before a prisoner on his passage by water to Westminster Hall, and on the return journey turned its sharp edge towards his charge had a conviction resulted, that Londoners gathered along the riverside might read by this sign the condemned man's fate. The axe still is preserved in the Major of The Tower's study.

The anonymous author of the "Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary" has left a pleasant account of the simple life of the nine-days' Queen. On August 29th, 1553, he

dyned at Partrige's house with my Lady Jane being ther present, she sitting at the bordes ende, Partrige, his wife, Jacob, my ladyes gentillwoman, and hir man. She comanding Partrige and me to put on our cappes, after she had once or twice droncke to me and bad me hartellie wellcome, saithe she——

and forthwith they fell to discourse on matters of religion.

With this and moche like talke the dyner passyd away: which ended, I thanked her ladyship that she would witsafe (vouchsafe) accept me in hir compayne; and she thanked me likewise, and sayd I was wellcome. She thancked Partrige also for bringing me to dyner. "Madam," saide he, "wee wer somewhat bolde, not knowing that your ladyship dyned belowe untyll we fonde your ladyship ther." And so Partrige and I departed.

It is very homely. In the undying pathos of the story of Queen Jane's brief life and death, this dinner with the bluff gaoler and his company surely takes an abiding place. The room is still pointed out.

The window overlooks the flagged court, and from it Lady Jane Grey peered out unwittingly to see the most agonising of all sights to one in her situation—the headless body of her young husband, Guilford Dudley, borne past to burial in St. Peter's church. It was, indeed, as an old chronicler has said,

" a sight to hir no less than deathe." A few hours later she was herself to die; the scaffold for her, a little way apart, was already prepared.

The Execution Ground

Originally the plot comprised had been a portion of the burial ground of St. Peter ad Vincula, till in Tudor days it was given over for the execution of prisoners of State.

But a few died there—the larger sacrifice was outside the fortress, on Tower Hill, in that oval spot which now is a garden, wherein the children play. You hear their laughter in summer days over the ground saturated with the blood of so many of the noblest and best of our race, and some who were contemptible. The public display of an execution before the thousands who gathered upon Tower Hill was not fitting when women were the victims, and even King Henry VIII, no dispenser of mercy, whatever the sex of those who fell under his fury, sought for the purpose a

privacy more becoming, here shut in by The Tower's high walls.

Queen Victoria caused the plot to be railed, the stones laid, and the tablet fixed which recalls the grim associations of this place of death. Till then it was unmarked. Near by the church, in the shade of the trees, whose leaves fleck the pavement with shadow and sunlight, it is to-day the most restful place in The Tower. Seats are there, whereon many a tired visitor, the circuit of inspection completed, will rest and muse over the eventful history of the fortress. You may read the names upon the tablet.

Queen Anne Boleyn it was whose head first fell here, by the Calais headsman's sword; then others by the axe—Queen Katharine Howard, and Viscountess Rochford, and the aged Marchioness of Salisbury, Margaret Pole. Mary's reign sent Lady Jane Grey, and that of Elizabeth her quondam favourite, the Earl of Essex, beheaded here because the Queen's councillors

feared a popular tumult should he suffer in public. Derrick, the executioner, on passing out of The Tower was violently assailed by the mob, and would have lost his life had not the Sheriffs with an armed posse intervened.

That is the whole company—five women and one man. What are six heads in the bloody records of The Tower?

IX

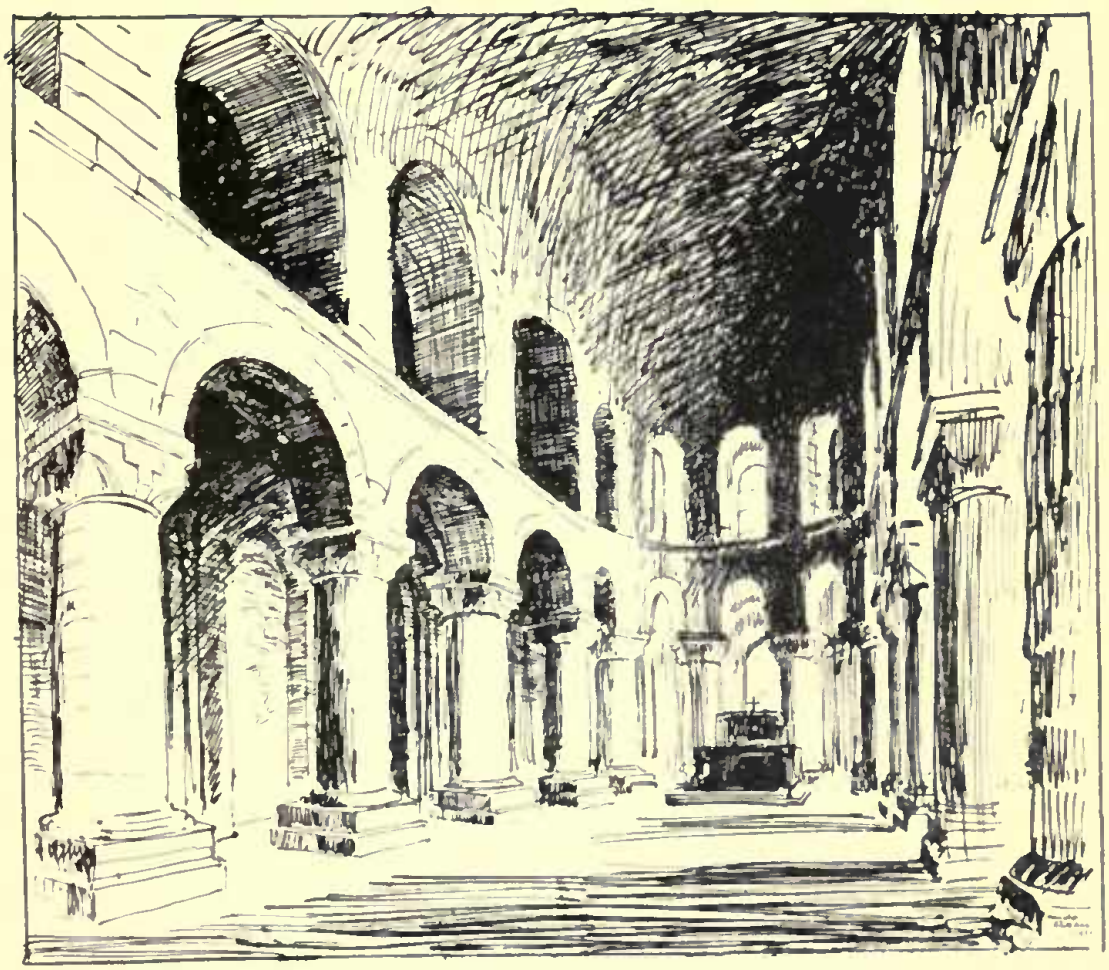
ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL

OUR Norman invaders built for strength, and the display of naked strength is the dominant characteristic of their architecture. All those who came after toiled to reduce this forbidding aspect of piled stone, giving delicacy to great piers by clustered columns, replacing the semi-circular arch by the finer lines of the pointed arch. St. John's Chapel, within the Conqueror's Keep, is severe in aspect—severe, and always strong. The columns, so stout that they seem as if stunted in growth, the heavy arches that spring from them, might have been built to support, not the narrow triforium and this roof of small span, but the Keep itself.

St. John's Chapel is the prototype in

London; softer influences begin to awaken in the magnificent Norman fragment of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, a little later in date, and are highly developed in the Round of the Temple Church, erected a century after—to take the early churches easily accessible for comparison.

It would almost seem that the builders of St. John's Chapel were contemptuous of ornament. There is a little decoration, very simple, about the capitals of the columns, moulded bands at the bases—that is all. Yet the whole result is most impressive. As you climb the narrow, dark, winding stone staircase, made in the thickness of the exterior wall, to emerge into St. John's Chapel, its austerity seems entirely fitting, and more than anything else within The Tower it brings back the atmosphere and the ideals of the eleventh century. There is but one other in all England, the Lady Chapel at Durham Cathedral, to compare with it in its severe restraint and beauty.



ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL WITHIN THE KEEP

St. John's Chapel did not always present the plain stone surfaces in walls and floor, piers and arches, as we see them, though so, with little doubt, the Conqueror himself left it. That great church builder, King Henry III, commanded for its adornment that three painted glass windows should be made. One should show "a little Mary holding the Child," and the others represent the Holy Trinity and St. John, Apostle and Evangelist. The rood screen and cross were also ordered by this King, and two fair "ymagynes" set up, of St. Edward holding a ring and of St. John the Evangelist, to whom this church is dedicated. Rich tiles will at the same time have covered the stone floor, and it is probable that then or later frescoes and hanging tapestries ornamented the plain walls. A Throne or Royal pew was at the western end, by which the visitor of to-day passes.

The Reformation saw the end of all this—the same hideous destruction done here as disfigured so many churches throughout

the country. Window glass, smacking of Papistry, was smashed, whitewash covered over the mural paintings, and the Chapel was despoiled of all of its artistic treasures and ecclesiastical vestments. By Commonwealth times, perhaps before, all use of the Chapel for worship had ceased, and as early as Charles II it had become a repository for the State records.

Saved from Ignominy

For a couple of centuries thereafter this was its service—a storehouse for the parchments and papers of early Parliamentary proceedings, Royal writs, and litigation, piled up here in the Norman Chapel. Not until the year 1857 was the floor cleared, and the documents transferred, with others, to the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane. Then the proposal was actually made by those in authority to convert this venerable and sacred building into a military tailors' warehouse! That was to be the measure of

respect paid. Fortunately, the Prince Consort protested; and Queen Victoria, to whose enlightened care for the Tower of London, the most perfect of our historical fortresses, the public to-day is largely in debt, ordered that the Chapel should be reverently treated, and returned to religious use.

It is crowded with memories, as, indeed, is every chamber and turret and prison room within The Tower. All our Norman and Plantagenet kings worshipped within these stone walls, when Mass was said before the altar, illuminated then, as to-day, by the sunbeams that fall aslant it through the east window. Before that altar lay in state the mortal remains of Elizabeth of York, King Henry VII's consort, who died in The Tower in child-birth, the pale corpse lighted by the blaze of 800 tapers set in candlesticks about the bier.

To that same altar came a prisoner, Lady Jane Grey's dour father-in-law, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, to renounce the

Reformed faith, to hear Mass and receive the Sacrament. His brief words on that occasion are preserved; but with them one reads his abject appeal to Mary through Arundel that he might live—"yea, the life of a dog, if I might but live and kiss her feet"—and the question enters how far that revocation was sincere. Whatever his purpose, he went his way to the block.

Long before the chapel had witnessed a tumultuous scene. Wat Tyler's Kentish rebels overran London. Bursting into The Tower, they found Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, kneeling before this altar, and, roughly seizing him, dragged him out to Tower Hill, where his head was struck off amid the delirious shouting of the mob. In the quiet of this same chapel, if tradition be true, Sir Robert Brackenbury, Constable of The Tower, was disturbed at his devotions by the messengers who had ridden hot haste from Richard Duke of Gloucester, bearing the command to him to murder the little

Princes left in his charge. To the credit of that stout soldier, who afterwards fell at Bosworth Field, he scornfully refused to perpetrate the foul deed.

Knights of the Bath

St. John's Chapel has long associations with the Knights of the Bath. There, certainly since King Henry IV's Coronation, the knight-aspirant held his vigil all night, kneeling before the altar, watching his arms, "ever in his prayers praying and beseeching Almighty God that this passing temporary dignity might be worthily worn by him." The fortunate knight was he who was admitted in summer, when dawn came early. A situation of some delicacy arose when the first Queen, Mary Tudor, ascended the Throne. She could not officiate at the bathing solemnities of a large number of young knights, so a deputy of high rank was appointed to conduct the ceremonies in place of the Sovereign. Elizabeth adopted the same course.

The chapel is larger than it seems, its massive construction and barrel-shaped stone ceiling tending to belittle its size. Its length is 55 ft. 6 in., and the width is 35 ft. The circular pillars, built up of separate stones to a diameter of two and a half feet, stand but 6 ft. 6 in. high above their bases, and each is surmounted by a capital cut out of a solid block of stone. The ceiling is raised above the next floor to the top of the Keep, and there is on that floor a passage from the State apartments to the triforium, that upper stage of the chapel having probably been used by members of the Royal family when resident in the fortress. There is some interesting old glass in the windows, though it but poorly represents what these lights once contained. Some years back valuable fragments were found in the crypt, mostly sixteenth-century heraldic glass, and these have been pieced together where possible and utilized for small plaques.

St. Peter ad Vincula has been dealt with

separately. Beyond this and the Royal Chapel of St. John, The Tower had two smaller chapels or oratories, one being in St. Thomas's Tower, which guards the Traitors' Gate. The other is in the venerable Wakefield Tower—now used as the Jewel House—on the opposite side of the bailey, but is hardly recognisable as such; it is a mere recess. There, it is said, King Henry VI was at prayer when he was murdered, on the very night of Edward IV's arrival in London in triumph, after Barnet and Tewkesbury had been fought, " between xi and xii of the clock, the Duke of Gloucester being then at The Tower, and many others."

The towers stand together that have witnessed the murders of two English Sovereigns, for Edward V, though he has no part in history, was that—the Wakefield and the Bloody Towers.

X

ENTRANCE TOWERS

LONG since the Lion Tower disappeared. Thereby the imposing group of three masonry towers—the guardians of the gate—by which the visitor in ancient times had to pass before he entered the Outer Ward of the Tower of London, was reduced to two; but in these diminished numbers the group is imposing still. Each of the survivors is pierced with an arch and passage-way, low and narrow, having strong circular turrets on either side. In The Tower's crowded area there are few views which are so entirely satisfactory as that here illustrated, in range, in variety, and in displaying the formidable nature of this riverside fortress, which stood to guard the capital City.

MIDDLE TOWER AND BYWARD TOWER

The Middle Tower retains its old name, though now it is meaningless. It looks somewhat surprisingly new, but that is because the external walls of the circular turrets have been recased with Portland stone, and the upper part much modernized. In all probability the structure is as old as King Richard II, and perhaps was built much earlier, as a part of those large external fortifications for which King Henry III was responsible. Central over its arch note the finely-carved Royal arms. This, however, is Hanoverian, though the amount of City grime that has collected about it, unswept by the wind in its sheltered position, gives the appearance of much greater age.

This tower, which to-day is the first protection of the landward approach to the fortress, had its passage-way obstructed by a portcullis. Vaulted chambers of the twin turrets, loopholed and very strong, by their bare stone and entire absence of ornament convey the suggestion that this is essentially

a place for defence. That on the right as you enter does service for the military garrison to-day as quarters for the spur guard.

Originally a drawbridge stood before the Middle Tower, which could be raised or lowered by the troops within. All trace of it has gone. From this outwork runs a permanent bridge and causeway, which spans the moat. It was in front of the Middle Tower that Elizabeth, raised to the throne and returning as Queen to the place where five years before she had been a prisoner, alighted from her horse, and kneeling on the ground, gave thanks to God for her deliverance, in Bishop Burnet's words, "from a danger so imminent, and for an escape as miraculous as that of David."

The Middle Tower, no doubt owing to its exposed position, was not customarily used as a prison. Its only occupant of note was the eccentric Laurence Shirley, Earl Ferrers. He was hanged at Tyburn in 1760 for the murder of his bailiff Johnson, whom he shot

with a pistol in a room, having first closed and locked the door. Ferrers went out to execution in a suit of light cloth embroidered with silver, and drove to the gallows with great state, in his own landau drawn by six horses. It is not true that he was hanged by a silken cord. That was the privilege of his noble blood, and he claimed it, but the concession was refused, and the enormous crowd assembled at Tyburn saw the Earl dangling from a hempen rope.

A century ago John Wilson, one of those implicated in the Cato Street Conspiracy, was given temporary lodging in the Middle Tower. That was the last use made of the Tower of London as a State prison—till in our own day the public were reminded, with some surprise, that the frowning building founded by William the Conqueror was London's defensive fortress still, and German spies were taken there to be shot at dawn.

In its day the second tower has borne different names. It was " the Tower of the

Gate," and in Henry VIII's time was known as the Warding Gate, but the name of the Byward Tower has been associated with it for some centuries past. It has undergone less change than the Middle Tower, and its dark, weather-worn masonry tells its age, for certainly it is as old as King Richard II. The situation necessitated a strong work, as the gate opens immediately into the Tower of London's Outer Ward. There is no need in these peaceful times to lower the portcullis—the winch and drums are still above—which hangs ominously overhead as one passes through; but each night the heavy oaken gates are locked with accustomed formality when the Chief Warder, with the King's keys, makes the round with his guard, and with the closing of the wickets thereafter till sunrise none may enter or leave the fortress.

The King's Keys

It is a picturesque ceremony that each night sees repeated within The Tower. As

the hour for closing approaches, the Chief Warder, wearing the scarlet night cloak of his picturesque uniform, with four broad stripes on the arm in gold, and carrying in his hand his bunch of keys, proceeds to the Main Guard, and there asks for "The escort for the keys." A sergeant and four privates are detailed, one carrying a lantern to light the way about the passages darkened by the high walls. Their steady tramp awakens echoes, for The Tower at night is a silent, eerie place, with mystery in every turret and shadow. As the barrier gate, then the Middle Tower, and last the Byward Tower, are closed and locked in turn the escort presents arms at each.

The party returns to the Main Guard, and immediately they pass into the black arch of the Bloody Tower leading to the Inner Ward, the sentry's challenge rings out—

"Halt! Who comes there?"

The footfalls are suddenly silenced as the party draws up with a military snap,

and the answer is given by the Chief Warder:

"The keys."

"Whose keys?" the sentry demands.

"King George's keys."

"Advance, King George's keys: all's well" —and the escort proceeds to the Main Guard, in front of which they form up, the guard under command of an officer, having turned out. The officer gives the order, "Guard and escort, present arms," and this honour is paid to the keys.

Thereafter the Chief Warder steps two paces in front of the escort, and, removing his Tudor hat, calls—

"God preserve King George!"

I see his figure now, scarlet against the indistinct line of khaki in dim moonlight. All present, guard and escort, answer a loud "Amen!" The keys are then carried to the King's House, for delivery to the Resident Governor, with whom they remain for the night.

For how many centuries back this ceremony has been performed none can tell; the keys of five reigning Georges, of James, Charles, Elizabeth, back to the Henrys—back, perhaps, so long as there has been a Tower of London—have in this same manner been saluted. It is a custom that one may hope will never die from disuse, and it has been so often misdescribed by writers upon The Tower that I am glad to give the incidents authoritatively. The head of that fine body of men, the Warders of the Tower—old soldiers all, and proud of their service—the Chief Warder (Mr. Smoker) has been my guide on many occasions; he knows The Tower and its history intimately, and fortunate are those confided to such good hands.

Once there was change. Queen Victoria died about seven o'clock on a January night, and in the pressure of so many State matters to be settled immediately, the new Sovereign, Albert Edward, had not decided what name he should bear upon the English Throne. The

Tower was locked as usual, and on the Chief Warder's return with the escort answer was given to the sentry's challenge—

"The King's keys!"

Probably never before had the reply not borne a Sovereign's name, for even at Lady Jane Grey's brief usurpation the supporters of her cause had first taken care to secure control of The Tower. For sixty-three years that title—"The King"—had not been heard within the walls. Thereafter the answer given nightly was "King Edward's keys."

Each turret of the Byward Tower has a fine vaulted chamber some 15 ft. across. That on the right of the entrance is used as the Warder's Lodge, and often a glimpse of the interior is to be obtained through the open door. The windows are loopholed, there is an ancient stone fireplace still in position, and altogether this is one of the best-preserved apartments of the fortress. It is believed to have been used as an oratory in the Middle

Ages. It has one interesting relic, the shaft of the staff of authority that in ancient times was carried by The Tower's Warder when he went aboard ships coming up to the Pool, and levied the toll which was the Lieutenant's due upon the produce or wines brought. One half of the shaft is square, and the remainder carved in a spiral. It bore a gold or silver-gilt top, which in more careless times than these was lost—or perhaps stolen.

Under existing conditions, access cannot be given to the public either to the Middle or Byward Towers.

Just past the entrance gate and the vaulted chamber, on the river side, is a low tower which was built to protect the postern opening upon the light bridge that here crosses the moat. The massive door, barred and clamped, and still creaking upon its hinges, made the place secure. A light draw-bridge originally spanned the moat. By this way persons of distinction, having landed from their boats at the Queen's Stairs on the

wharf, might enter The Tower without passing through that place of forbidding associations, the Traitors' Gate.

Lions at the Tower

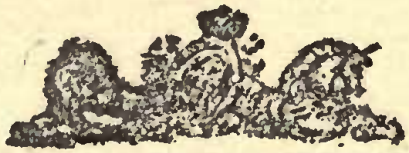
The Lion Tower stood where now is the refreshment-room and the path before it leading on to the Tower Wharf. It was in ancient times water-surrounded by a diversion of the moat, and there were caged those Royal animals that were made gifts to our kings by foreign potentates. Lions and other beasts were confined there so late as 1834 (they were then moved to form the nucleus of the collection at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park), and few will probably recall that the common phrase, "seeing the lions" of the City, originated from this sight at the Tower of London.

King Henry III had leopards in this menagerie at the Tower, and later an elephant and two wild cats added to its wonders. The Sheriffs of London in the year 1252 were

ordered to provide a muzzle and a long cord for the bear while he was led to the Thames to fish for his diet, and a smaller chain for securing him, but bruin's appetite being thereby unsatisfied, fourpence a day was devoted to his keep. He was perhaps a Polar bear, and so fond of fish, as he is described as "white," and "from Norway"—not the most tractable creature to lead out.

"The Master of the King's Bears and Apes" in former days was an official post. Old prints of The Tower in the time of King James I show the pit for baiting the bear, and there Londoners gathered to witness that cruel sport.

Eleven lions were kept at The Tower early in the eighteenth century. Dr. Johnson commended them as a sight for gaping Scotsmen come to see our southron wonders. But the best account we have of the occupants of the Royal menagerie is from a German traveller, Paul Hentzner, who came in Queen Elizabeth's reign. He wrote :

TOWER OF  LONDON.

Admit the Bearer and Friends

TO VIEW THE

ANNUAL CEREMONY

OF

WASHING THE LIONS,

ON TUESDAY, APRIL THE 1st, 1856.

Herbert de Grafre

Senior Warden.

☞ ADMITTED ONLY AT THE WHITE GATE.

It is requested that no Gratuities will be given to the Wardens on any account.

On coming out of The Tower we were led to a small house close by, where are kept a variety of creatures—viz., three lionesses, one lion of great size, called Edward VI, from his having been born in that reign ; a tyger, a lynx, a wolf excessively old, this is a very scarce animal in England, so that their sheep and cattle stray about in great numbers, free from any dangers, though without anybody to keep them ; there is besides a porcupine and an eagle. All these creatures are kept in a remote place, fitted up for the purpose with wooden lattices at the Queen's expense.

A kindly correspondent has increased my knowledge of natural history at The Tower by sending me the card here reproduced. It admitted the bearer to witness "The annual ceremony of Washing the Lions." Amid the smuts of London, Leo was in sad case with a bath once a year. The joke was played off upon guileless countrymen up to see the wonders of the metropolis, who were given the card as a coveted privilege—or more likely were asked to pay for it by hangers about the gates. Seal and signature support

the imposture, but the date of the ceremony, the 1st of April, should have excited suspicion.

Now five or six years ago, the privileges given to the public were considerably enlarged by liberty to visit the dungeons of the Keep, the Bloody Tower, and (subject to a warder being free for the duty) the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula. It can be no secret that, even before the war, larger concessions than these were contemplated. A military fortress The Tower was when built, and such it remains in the twentieth century. It is not practicable at present to convert it into a great national museum, as it might well become—a museum of which the greatest riches must always be its own matchless buildings and historical associations.

If ever that comes about, the Warders of The Tower will always, I hope, be retained as guardians of the place, a part of this rich history. But something might be done to enlarge the public's opportunity for inspection could satisfactory quarters be found else-

where for the staff of warders, who now are housed, not always comfortably, in many of the ancient towers about the walls.

There is one obvious place for building—and one alone—within The Tower's circuit, and that is about the entrance. If new building, now or at some future time, is to be undertaken to accommodate the warders and their families, and thus allow the public admission to many places from which they are now shut out, might it not be possible to reconstruct the Lion Tower in some modified form? A replica of the old Lion Tower, which, so far as we know, had no height or architectural features, is not desirable, nor possible for the purpose. It seems to have been little more than a casement and barbette. But here is space and opportunity for something that might be worthy. The present entrance, through a decaying fence of wooden stakes, the wooden shed on the left of the path at which bags and parcels are left, and the wooden-built refreshment-room just be-

yond can well be spared. They form together a disgraceful approach to what should be the most treasured of the nation's possessions.

There is nothing else in Great Britain, nothing in the world, with the age and the continuous history of the Tower of London—nothing that can be compared with it save, perhaps, St. Angelo in Rome. It is in the keeping of London, because London has for more than a thousand years been the actual, if not always the titular, capital of the kingdom. I should like to feel sure that all Londoners know it.

The Tower of London, always so strong, has never been called upon to withstand a serious siege.

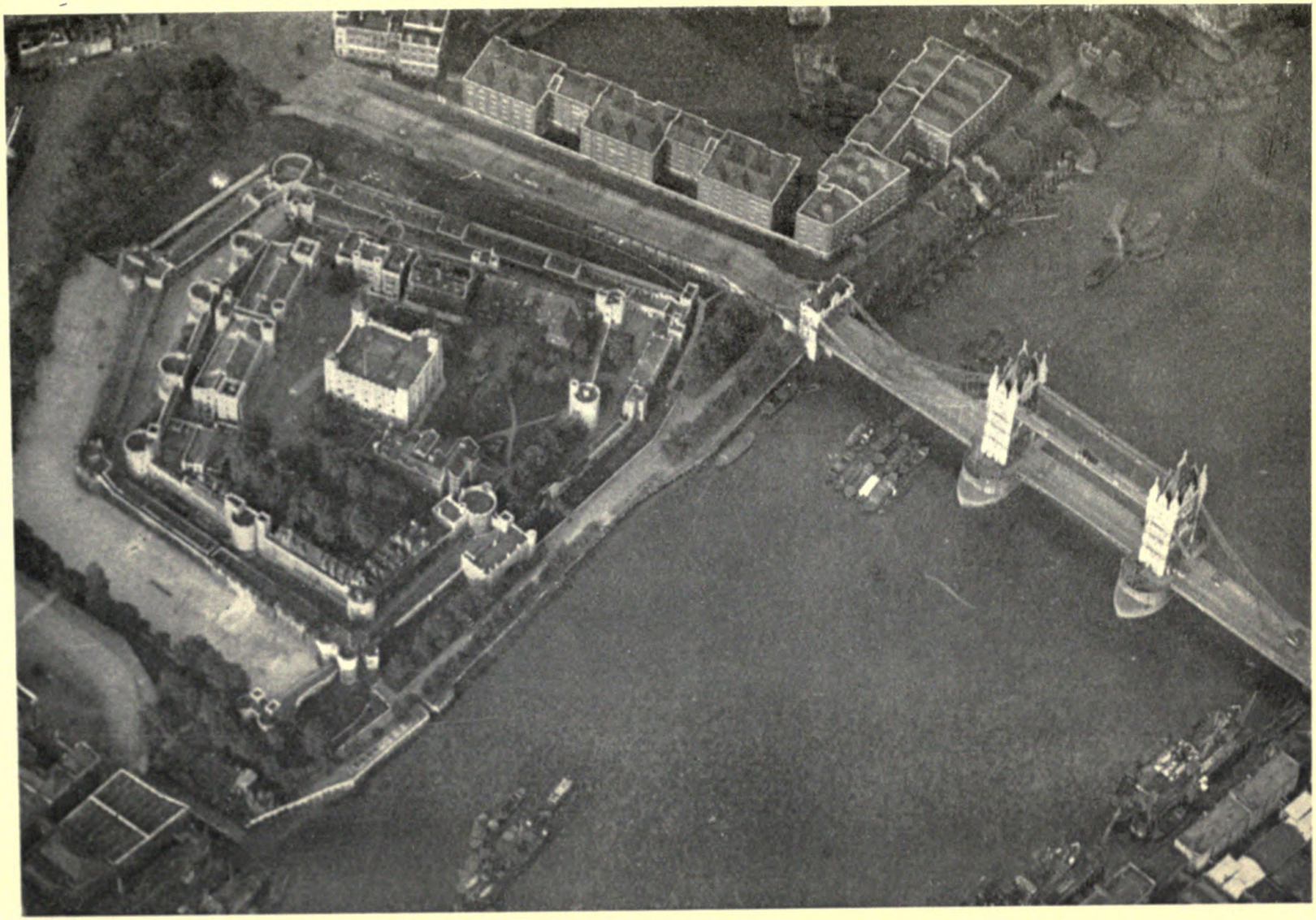
England, since the Conqueror built his frowning Keep, has never known a foreign invader. Partisans in times of national tumult have been surrounded in the fortress. Stone cannon-balls were recovered from the accumulated mud when the Duke of Welling-

ton, who in his old age was Constable of The Tower, caused the moat to be drained and filled to its present height. They are believed to have been fired by the Yorkists against the walls in the year 1460. In Sir Thomas Wyatt's rising against Queen Mary, The Tower was cannonaded very ineffectually from across the river.

It has never in its centuries of history been exposed to such peril as during the late European War, and then from an element which Gundulf and his successors in military architecture could safely ignore. It was a prominent mark for German aviators, especially in the daylight raids. A bomb 4½ ft. in length fell in the moat, penetrated deep, but most fortunately did not explode. A second dropped uncomfortably close in the Mint, causing some deaths, and in all forty-four casualties. Another hit the railings north of The Tower, and a fourth dived harmlessly into the river, throwing up a great splash of water.

The Yeomen Warders to-day, picturesque figures, still wearing the Tudor dress, the oldest uniform of the British Army—with, alas, the terrible anachronism of trousers !—have these tales to add to the crowded records of The Tower.

So still the long story grows.



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INDEX

à Becket, Thomas, 51–3
Abel, Thomas, 114
Agincourt, 40
Air Raids at The Tower, 157
Ampulla, 98–9
Aragon, Catherine of, 38, 114
Arc, Joan of, 40–1
Armouries, 37–9, 77
Arundel, Philip Earl of, 78–9, 110–11
Axe, heading, 41; processional, 54, 126

Bailly, Charles, 111–12
Balmerino, Lord, 82
Banqueting Hall, 31, 36
Bath, Knights of the, 137
Bears and bear baiting, 151
Beauchamp Tower, 21, 54, 69, 104–15
Bell Tower, 21, 60–73, 121
Berkstead, Lieutenant, 95
Black Prince's Ruby, 98–100, 102
Block and heading axe, 41–2
Bloody Tower, 18, 19, 21, 26, 88–97, 139, 145, 154
Blount, Sir Michael, 110
Boleyn, Anne, 36, 55–6, 76, 79, 123–4, 129
Bosworth Field, 97, 137
Brackenbury, Sir R., 97, 136
Brydges, Sir John, 71
Buckingham, Dukes of, 93
Burgoyne, Sir J. Fox, 87
Burley, Sir Simon de, 83
Byward Tower, 20, 21, 63, 143–4, 145, 148–9; postern by, 26, 149

Cannon and mortars, 45
Castle Hedingham, 31
Cato Street Conspiracy, 143
Chapels in The Tower, 139 (*see* also St. Peter's, St. John's)
Chaplain of The Tower, 84
Charles I, 91, 98
,, II, 24, 97, 99, 100, 102
Cholmondeley, Sir R., 86
Clarke, Thomas, 113
Constables of The Tower, 120; Brackenbury, 97, 136; Kingston, 66; Wellington, 157
Coronation robes sold, 101
Council Chamber in Keep, 31, 32–4, 36, 38; in King's House, 117–21

Cranmer, Archbishop, 57, 93
Cresset, or fire-pot, 39
Cromwell, Oliver, 27; Thomas, 81; Fisher's letter to, 68
Cross walls of Keep, 30
Crown Jewels (*see* Regalia)
Crowns: King Alfred's, 100; Queen Edith's, 100; Edward VI's, 100; King's State, 98, 101–2; Crown of England, 102; Indian, 102; of Mary of Modena, 103
Crypt and sub-crypt of St. John's Chapel, 30, 41–4
Cullinan Diamond, 101
Culpeper of Darford, 43
Curfew, 61–2

Davey, Richard, 70
Derwentwater, Earl of, 122
Dudley, Ambrose, 109; Guilford, 79, 81, 109–10, 127; Henry, 109; John (*see* Northumberland, Warwick); Robert, 108–9
Drawbridges, 20, 142, 149
Dungeons, 16, 30, 43–8, 118, 154

Edward I, 21, 85
„ III, 105
„ IV, 136
„ V, 96–7
„ VI, 77
„ VII, 147–8
Edward the Confessor, 52; chalice of, 100; crown, 102
Eliot, Sir John, 81, 91
Elizabeth, Queen, 48, 55, 69–72, 94, 110–11, 129, 137, 142; pearls of, 102
Elizabeth of York, 32, 135
Elwes, Sir Gervase, 95
Escapes from The Tower, 40, 121–2
Essex, Earl of, 57, 78–9, 129–30
Execution Ground on Tower Green, 23, 128–30

Fane, J., 43
Fawkes, Guy, 46, 117–18
Felton, assassin, 93
Ferrers, Earl, 142–3
ffoulkes, Charles, 37–8
Fisher, Bishop, 65, 67–9, 80
Flambard, Bishop, 40
Freeman, historian, 29
Froissart, 34

Garden House, 91
Garden Tower (*see* Bloody Tower)
Gentleman Jailer, 125–7
George II, 83
„ V, 102, 146
Ghosts in The Tower, 56, 118
Gower, Lord Ronald, 88
Gray's Inn, curfew at, 61
Great Hall of Royal Palace, 27, 36
Greenwich Palace, 38
Grey, Lady Jane, 72, 77, 79,

81, 109–10, 125–7, 129, 135, 148
Gruffydd's attempted escape, 40
Gundulf, 16, 17, 29
Gunpowder Plot, 117–20
Gyfford, 9, 114

Hampden, John, 35–6
Hastings, Lord, execution of, 33–4
Henry I, 17, 40
,, II, 17
,, III, 18, 19, 20, 25, 50, 52–3, 62, 133, 141, 150
Henry IV, 34, 104, 137
,, V, 40
,, VI, 98, 139
,, VII, 32, 86, 135
,, VIII, 38, 48, 80, 85, 120, 128, 144
Hentzner, Paul, 151
History of the World, 90
Hopton, Sir Owen, 94
Howard, Queen Katharine, 57, 77, 79, 129

Inner Wall (ballium wall), 23
Inner Ward, 17, 18, 19, 21, 23, 26, 63, 88
Iron Gate, 26

James I, 48, 72, 95, 118–20, 151
James II, 57, 102
Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice, 82, 93–4
Jews thrown into The Tower, 44, 47
John, King, 18, 47, 85
,, King of France, 41
,, de Baliol, King of Scots, 41

Keep, 13–18, 23, 28–48, 84, 97, 118, 131–8
Kenmure, Viscount, 122
Keys, The King's, ceremony of, 144–8
Kilmarnock, Earl of, 82
" King's Hall, the," 36
King's House (Lieutenant's Lodgings), 56, 64, 71, 91, 116–25, 146
Kingston, Sir W., 66
Koh-i-Noor, 101

Latimer, Bishop, 93
Laud, Archbishop, 57, 80, 89–90
Lieutenants of The Tower, 120, 149; Berkstead, 95; Blount, 110; Brydges, 71; Cholmondeley, 86; Elwes, 95; Hopton, 94; Skeffington, 42; Waad, 120
Lieutenant's Lodgings (*see* King's House)
Lion Tower, 20, 21, 140, 150, 150–2, 155
Lions at The Tower, 150–3
Literary Associations, 66, 90–2
" Little Ease," 46

Little Princes murdered, 95–7, 136
Lovat, Simon Fraser Lord, 41, 82

Macaulay, Lord, 74, 83
Maces old and new, 38
Main Guard, 145–6
Major (Governor) of The Tower, 64, 84, 117, 126, 146
Mary, Queen, 42, 69, 93, 108, 129, 136–7
Mary Queen of Scots, 106, 111
Matthew Paris, 50–1
Menagerie at The Tower, 150–3
Miagh, Thomas, 112
Middle Tower, 21, 141–3, 145
Mint, 24, 157
Moat, 19, 21, 150
Monmouth, Duke of, 57, 77–9
More, Sir Thomas, 58–60, 64–7, 80, 96
Murders in The Tower, 94–7, 139

Neville, Marmaduke, 106
Nithsdale, Lord, escape of, 121–2
Norfolk, Dukes of, 56, 78–9
Northumberland, John Dudley Duke of, 77, 79, 135–6
Northumberland, Henry Percy Earl of, 94
Nugent, Lord, 35–6

Orleans, Charles Prince of, 32, 40–1
Outer Bailey, 26; fortifications, 18–23; wall, 19
Overbury, Sir T., 78–9, 94–5

Partridge, Nathaniel, 125
Penn, William, 92
Peverel inscription, 106
Piers of Exton, Sir, 35
Pipon, Major-General H., 117
Plan of the Tower, 22
Poictiers, 41
Pole, Margaret (*see* Salisbury)
Portcullis, 18, 88, 144
Poyndon, John, 41
Princess Elizabeth's Walk, 69, 124

Queen's Stairs, 25, 55, 149

Raleigh, Sir Walter, 42, 90–1, 116, 120
Raleigh's Walk, 96
Rame, William, 114–15
Regalia, 17, 53, 84, 97–103; pledging of, 98–9; seizure by Commonwealth, and sale of, 99–101
Richard I, 62
Richard II, 20, 83, 104, 141, 144; deposition and death, 34–5

Richard III, 33, 97, 136, 139
Ridley, Bishop, 93
Rochester, 16, 17
Rochford, Lady, 79, 129
Roman Wall of London, 14, 15
Ross, Bishop of, 71
Royal Palace in The Tower, 17, 24, 26–7, 30, 36
Rudson, R., 43

St. Botolph Aldgate, 81
St. John's Chapel, 30, 31, 35, 41–4, 131–39
St. Mary Aldermanbury, 82
St. Peter ad Vincula, 56, 58, 72, 74–87, 92, 110, 127–8, 154
St. Thomas's Tower, 20, 50–3, 139
St. Thomas of Canterbury (*see* à Becket)
Salisbury, Countess of, 78–9, 129
Salmon, T., 113
Salvin, 53, 105
" Scavenger's Daughter," 42
Sceptres, 100, 103
Scottish Rebellion of 1715, 122; of 1745, 41, 82
Sedgemoor, Battle of, 78
Seven Bishops, 57–8
Seusenhofer, Conrad, 38
Seymour, Lady Catherine, 72
Seymour of Sudeley, Lord, 77
Shakespeare's *King Richard III*, 33; *King Henry IV*, 34
Sidney, Algernon, 89
Skeffington, Sir L., 42
Somerset, Duke of, 77, 79
Spoon, Coronation, 98
Stairways in Keep, 30, 33
State Apartments in Keep, 30–34, 36–41
Stephen, King, 17
Strafford, 57, 89–90
Strong Room in Bell Tower, 63, 67–73
Stuart, Lady Arabella, 72
Sudbery, Archbishop, 136
Suffolk, Duke of, 79, 81

Thames, River, 25, 46, 126, 157
Thelwall, John, 73
Thumbscrews, 42
Torture, 112, 118; instruments of, 42
Tower Green, 23, 116, 124, 128–30
Tower Hill, scaffold upon, 80, 83, 89, 95, 122, 128, 136
Tower Mace, 84
Tower Wharf, 19, 26, 50–2, 58–9
Traitor's Gate, 19, 25, 49–60, 88, 139
Treasure House at Tower, 43; at Westminster, 48, 99
Tyrrell, William, 114

Victoria, Queen, 83, 102, 105, 128, 135, 147
Vyner, Sir Robert, 99

Waad, Sir W., 120
Wakefield Tower, 17, 18, 19, 21, 27, 53, 96–103, 139
Warders of The Tower, 84, 154; Chief Warder, 84, 144–8; Warder's Staff, 149
Wardrobe Tower, 14
Warwick, John Earl of, 108–9
Warwick, Thomas Earl of, 104
Washing the Lions, 152–3
Wat Tyler's Rising, 136
Well in the Keep, 16
Wellington, Duke of, 157
Westminster Hall, 36, 54, 57, 126
Wharf (*see* Tower Wharf)
Whitewash on Keep, 32
William the Conqueror, 13, 29, 61, 133
William Rufus, 16
Wilson, John, 143
Wren, Sir Christopher, 29
Wyatt's Rebellion, 42–3, 57–8, 157

Yeoman Jailer's house, 125–7
Yeoman Porter, 65
Yeomen of the Guard, 84
Younghusband, Major-General Sir George, 29, 99

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